

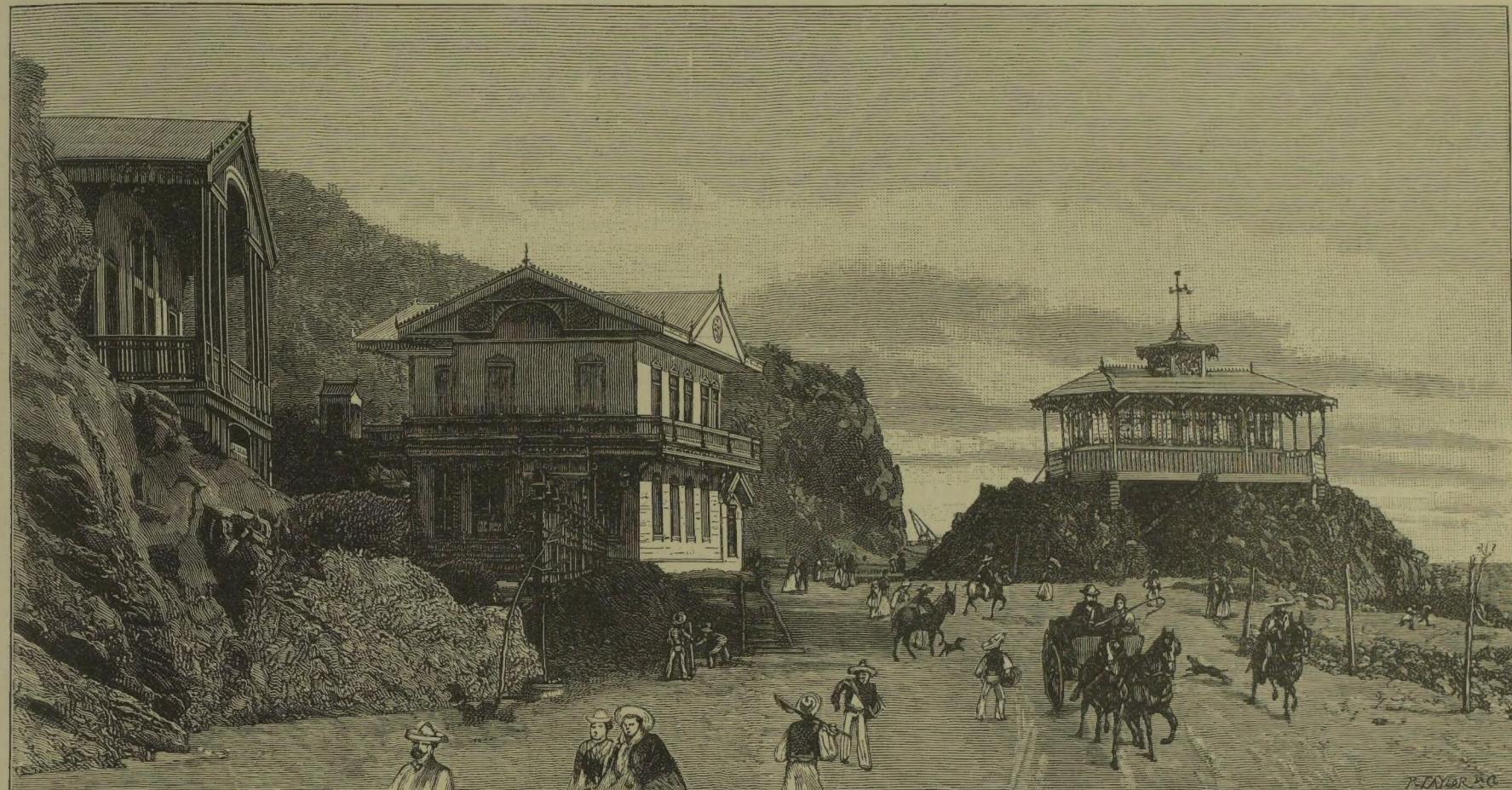
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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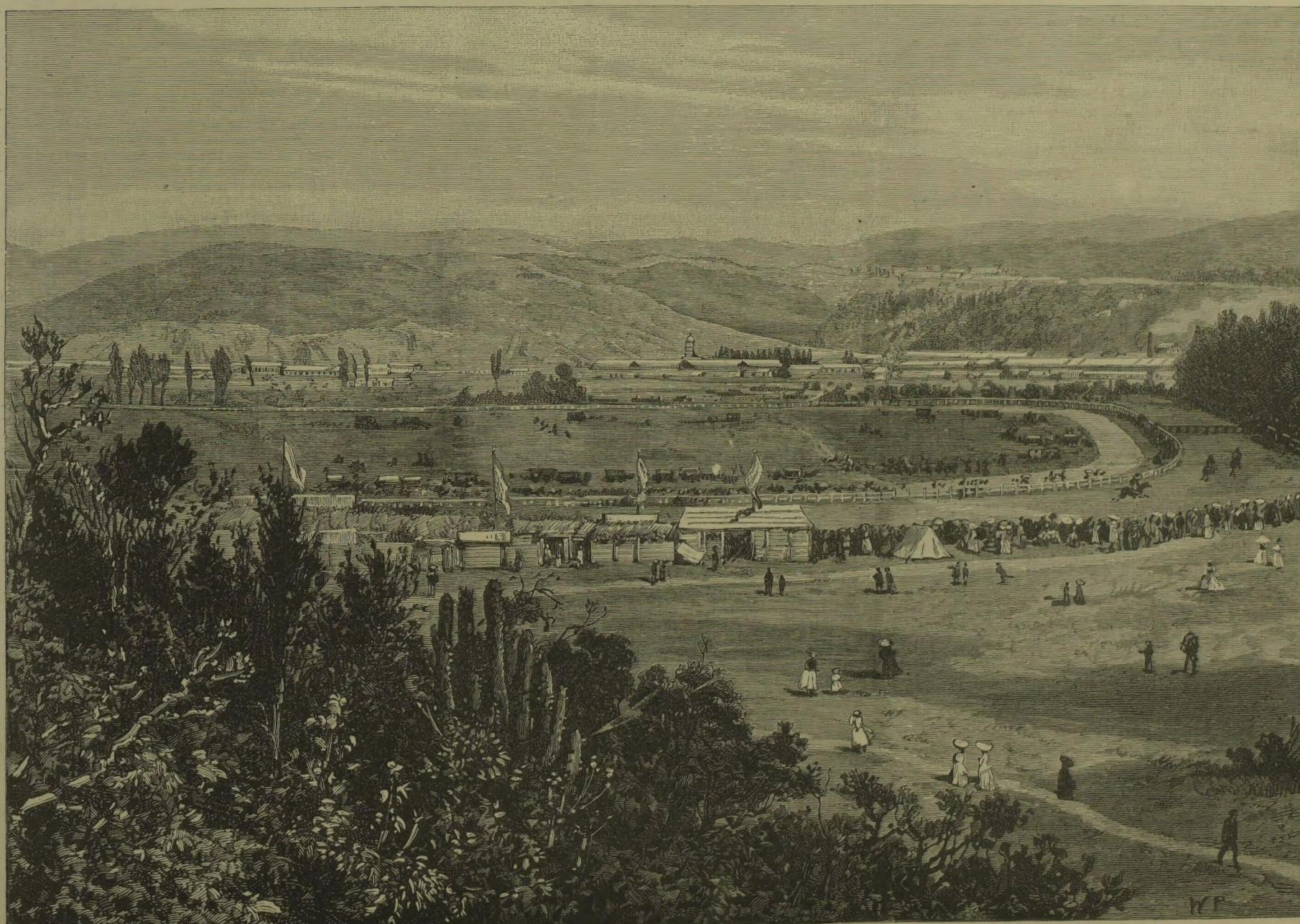
No. 2733.—VOL. XCIX.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1891.

TWO } SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS } BY POST, 6½D.



APPROACH TO THE BEACH AT VIÑA DEL MAR, NEAR VALPARAISO.



THE RACECOURSE AT VIÑA DEL MAR, NEAR VALPARAISO.

THE CIVIL WAR IN CHILE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Dr. Huggins, formerly unknown beyond the world of science, has suddenly become a planet of the first magnitude, recognisable by the naked eye. What has "fetched" the public most in his admirable address is his description of the various ages of the stars. Its previous impression was that they were contemporaneous, and sown in the firmament like mustard and cress, on the same day. His statement that they are red, white, and blue (like the French flag), according to their ages, has enchanted it; though that the white ones should be the youngest is contrary both to expectation and analogy. It is somehow pleasant to be told that the heavenly bodies, though they live considerably longer than ourselves, are not eternal. On the other hand, some of them seem to have a very decided advantage over us in becoming rejuvenescent; having run their course, they start afresh upon a new one. It is quite certain that our stars do not possess this faculty: they flicker and fade and fail, and are (alas!) forgotten.

The gentlemen who have been teaching our publishers their own business in England have at last good cause to congratulate themselves on the success of their efforts. They have not, it is true, compelled Paternoster Row to give in to their terms, which I understand to be sixpence a volume, but they have evoked a similar agitation in France. There, too, the cry has arisen for cheap novels: they are at present only half a crown, but these literary advisers demand that they shall be sold at fivepence, all for the sake of the authors, whom they describe as being, under the present system, ground to powder. It is curious that up till now our amateur publishers have argued for cheap books on the ground of the prosperity of French authors. The ignorance of this advice gratis is only to be equalled by its impertinence: everyone who knows anything about the subject knows that excessive cheapness, except in the case of an abnormal circulation, means no profits. Moreover, the people who make this clamour care nothing whatever for new books; they are content to wait for the six months necessary for the exhaustion of the dear edition, or, for that matter, for six years. They do not know, in fact, when they see them on the stalls, whether they are new or old. Even then they do not buy them. It is doubtful whether they would buy them even at sixpence. Publishers know them by their fruits: they are meddlers.

The rain-makers are jubilant. By the help of oxyhydrogen balloons, kites with dynamite attached to their tails, and blasting-powder spread across two miles square and exploded by electricity, they have brought down a shower. It takes a great deal of noise and stench to make the heavens weep, but they have accomplished it, and made the weather worse than ever. That is their boast, though some persons are still sceptical, and affirm that there would have been just the same amount of rainfall without all this expenditure of powder. But what we, who are out on our holiday, want to see is the fine-day-maker. His tools, it is only reasonable to hope, will be of another kind; he will woo the sunshine with soft music and delicate aromas, and perhaps a graceful waving of parasols. The Parsees, who are more familiar with the sun than we are, might, perhaps, give him a wrinkle. At all events, he is the man we want, and not the rain-maker. How strange it is that new methods for increasing the sum of human misery should be always cropping up, while the attempts to mitigate it are mostly confined to the advertisers of patent medicines!

"Never allow a rich man to pay your fare over a halfpenny bridge" was one of the last sayings of a certain eminent person to his son, and a very valuable piece of advice, which was fortunate, as it was all he had to leave him. Similarly, it is not wise to take worthless presents from one's debtors. A gift, we are told, should not be prized on account of its value, but still less on account of its having none. Moreover, the donor may set an exaggerated price on it, and imagine he is laying you under an obligation by bestowing something upon you which you don't know what the dence to do with: the portrait of one of his ancestors, by Birkens, R.A., or his grandfather's snuffbox. If you are attending him professionally, and he is paying you these compliments instead of your account, they are especially unwelcome. This is just what has happened to a certain family physician, who was literally overwhelmed by these favours "in acknowledgment of his great kindness," but whose bill when sent in was protested—or rather protested against—on the ground that it had been wiped off by an épergne (valued at ten shillings) and a walking-stick. In future, when a professional man is compelled to accept these little pledges of friendship, it must be understood that he does so, as the lawyers say, "without prejudice" to his just dues.

Our gypsies, from a romantic point of view, have fallen of late years from their high estate: they have ceased to kidnap the only children of the nobility and gentry, and to substitute for them offspring of their own. The falling off in this good old custom has not only deprived gentlemen of the long robe of many remunerative cases in connection with proofs of legitimacy, but has also taken from our novelists a time-honoured plot which never failed to please. If a story-teller should now hint at his hero being "changed at birth" he would be overwhelmed with ridicule; he might as well depict him as being bewitched. Under these circumstances it is satisfactory to note that the gypsies of France are making a most creditable effort to revive the ancient reputation of their race; they kidnap, of course, but that is only a "juvenile department" of a most flourishing business. One tribe is described as owning four caravans, "full of money and jewellery," obtained by robbery with violence and in the daytime. Country gentlemen seated in their gardens are set upon and plundered by the chiefs while the château is sacked by their families. When closely pursued

these latter are left behind in the caravans to be imprisoned (and supported by the State), while the chiefs ride off on horseback. Bones and flesh were found in the captured vans, which, much to the public disappointment, turned out to be equine, but it will be the French novelist's care to set this right. Thanks to the gypsies, he will be provided for the winter.

In the holiday season it happens, from the necessities of the case, or, to be more accurate, "the exigencies of publication," that questions have to be made "burning" ones, whether they are really combustible or not. The kite is tossed into the air in doubt whether the breeze of popular opinion may be strong enough to carry it, and, as it were, tentatively. It is started by "ventilation" in the Press, but whether it will be kept up depends upon the Public. Of this kind is the fiery indignation indulged in because one of the vilest murderers that ever got his just reward had a few inches more rope allowed him than was necessary. It did not give him any more pain, nor hurt anybody, but the delicate feelings of the reporters have been wounded because they were not allowed to view the body after the accident. All England is supposed to be in a ferment because of this "outrage upon a fellow-creature," who himself had cut a child's body into fifty pieces. The gentlemen who would preserve our murderers alive are of course indignant; it is another "argument" against capital punishment, and quite as good as the others; but the general public has refused to rise to this fancy fly. For my part, I am not particular to an inch about the rope that rids us of such ruffians; the chief point, as it seems to me, is that it should be strong enough. It may be a morbid condition of mind, but such sympathies as I have to spare are less with the murderer than with his victim.

The army grub is the latest addition to entomology. This excellent insect has all the military instinct without its corresponding drawbacks. It "marches along, fifty score strong," and even five hundred score, in first-rate order, and keeping step (and a good many of them, for they are caterpillars) without a band. They are harmless to the crops, "eating only fallen leaves and other vegetable refuse." This is very different from the conduct of human armies of occupation, for whom "the best of everything" is said to be "good enough," but nothing less. The only objectionable quality they possess is that they are omens of wars, as though the autumn manoeuvres should presage real campaigns. The "army grub" of which our Tommy Atkins complains has nothing to do with this new discovery.

We must "stop somewhere," even "in the interests of science." This, I read, has been discovered to his cost by the Mayor of Wolverhampton, who invited four-and-twenty members of the Hygienic Congress to inspect the Sewage Farm; and, though he provided a champagne luncheon and asked a party to meet them, only one of them put in an appearance. It was disappointing, of course, but was it unnatural? Is August the particular month one would choose for inspecting a sewage farm? The congress may have been "discourteous," but scarcely unwise. Doubtless everybody thought that everybody else was going, and in his modesty deemed he wouldn't be missed. When a country host asks one to inspect his stables—which nine out of ten of them do—there is no help for it: one has to go. But a member of a Hygienic Congress is not in the position of a guest of the house; the scientific portion of his mind is all for the sewage farm, but his natural politeness induces him to say, "Let others enjoy this treat."

There have been remonstrances of late by authors upon the so-called liberties taken with them by editors; it is argued that a gentleman's manuscript (like Mr. Folair's hat in "Nicholas Nickleby") is a sacred thing not to be meddled with by anyone but himself, and this is still more the case with a lady's manuscript. Cursed be he who either adds to it or (especially) detracts from it—i.e., cuts anything out of it. "You have eliminated the most striking thing in my article, Sir, and utterly spoilt it." This was not, however, the opinion of one of the most careful, considerate, and judicious editors that periodical literature has ever known. In *Harper's Magazine* for September, one of Dickens's letters to Wilkie Collins describes a little difficulty of this kind he had with no less a writer than Mrs. Gaskell. She wrote to say she would not have her proofs touched even by Mr. Dickens. "That immortal creature had, however, already gone over the proofs (of 'North and South') with great pains; had, of course, taken out the plungings, lungings, and other convulsions, and also the weaknesses and damagings of her own effects. 'Very well,' said the gifted man; 'she shall have her way; but after it's published show her this proof, and ask her to consider whether her story would have been the better or the worse for it.'" I believe it would have been the better for it. Grenville Murray used to say that though he sometimes failed to recognise his own "Roving Englishman" in *Household Words*, it was only because he was ever so much better looking. There are editors and editors of course, but there are not in quite the same sense authors and authors. As a poet has written of poets' reading their own productions—The chariot wheels jar in the gates through which they drive them forth, so in composition there are occasional defects of taste as well as style, to which, though we may resent interference at the time, we are often glad enough in the end to have had our attention directed by the skilled observer.

In a pleasant article in the September *Macmillan* the difference in the views of our poetesses, past and present, is pointed out: the undoubting and cheerful piety of the one, the agnosticism and melancholy of the other. But the same thing, and to even a greater extent, is to be noted in our story-tellers. In five out of six of our first-class magazines for September the short stories are not only of the most tragic kind, but they all "end badly." September is held by "the trade" to be a bad month

for magazines, and it will be also rather a depressing one for their readers. I wish I could think that this only arises from the natural melancholy engendered in the writers' minds from their being in the country at this season.

"Always verify quotation" was the remark of a learned gentleman who would even rise from his bed in a winter's night to do it, before lucifer matches were invented. But you can't do it always. When you are out on your holiday without books, for example, you may ascribe to Aeschylus what belongs to Euripides. This is what I have been doing; attributing to Mr. Samuel Weller a remark about babies made by Mr. Newman Noggs. "I conclude," writes one of fifty correspondents, "that your mind has become enfeebled by old age or sickness." Others are kinder, but still obtrusive. Rightly has the poet observed of one in my unfortunate profession, who dares to wander, "He drags a lengthening chain." My editor writes—but enough; I am very sorry; I will go home,

HOME NEWS.

The Queen is at Balmoral, where Mr. Balfour has been Minister in attendance. Divine service was conducted at the castle on Sunday, Aug. 30, by the Rev. Archibald Campbell, minister of Crathie and Domestic Chaplain to her Majesty, in the presence of the Queen, the royal family, and the royal household.

The state of the weather has of late been an absorbing trouble with the farmers. The heavy and continued rains, accompanied by high winds, have dealt the most serious blows at the corn crops, especially at the barley, which cannot be carted and stacked when wet. Both the wheat and barley have been very much laid by the rain and wind, and though the crops promised well, especially on the light lands, their value has already been seriously affected. Many of the crops have been rotting on the ground. Blight has affected the potatoes, which, even when sound, are much under size. The fact that the American crop is a good one diminishes the benefit that English farmers are likely to receive from high prices, though some advance in the price of bread is inevitable, and has already occurred.

The distressing weather was followed on Sept. 1 by a hurricane of wind and rain, which rose suddenly and raged with great violence in the English Channel, and practically in all parts of the United Kingdom and Ireland. The greatest mischief to the crops was done in East Kent. The hop plantations looked as if a horde of wild elephants had been let loose in their midst—poles were down, vines were snapped and twisted, and the ground was strewn with hops. In the orchards, tons of pears, apples, and plums were blown off. A Portsmouth vessel was wrecked off the South Foreland and her crew of six men were hauled through the raging surf by means of the rocket apparatus and just saved. Houses fell at Widnes and Dublin, and at the latter place three women were dangerously injured.

Free Education was inaugurated on Sept. 1, a large number of School Boards, led by London, having decided to free all the standards in the schools under their charge, and the voluntary schools deciding, as a rule, to accept the fee grant, though the higher-grade schools will not, generally, be freed. Inquiry has shown that in London, at least, the free system has not increased the attendance. It was widely known that it would commence on Sept. 1, but in most schools no more than the normal number of scholars were observed. Nor have the ordinary "penny" scholars, including the poorest class, migrated from the old penny and now free schools to those formerly charging a higher fee for a good education. It is expected that they will do so in time. Some parents have, in anticipation of such an invasion, transferred their children from Board to high-grade voluntary schools.

The fight for the control of the *Freeman's Journal*, hitherto the chief Parnellite organ in Ireland, has virtually ended, after a two-days battle, in the victory of the Anti-Parnellites, led by young Mr. E. D. Gray. A vote of no confidence in the policy of the directorate, which is Parnellite, has been carried by an overwhelming majority of shares; but, though called upon to resign, the directors have not yet done so, on technical grounds. In a few days, however, it is inevitable that the policy of the paper, which has been energetically maintained by the editor of the *Freeman*, Mr. Byrne, and Mr. T. O. Moore, the editor of the *Evening Telegraph*, will be changed. Mr. Parnell's only organ of any importance in Ireland will then be *United Ireland*, whose circulation is said to have decreased. The *Belfast Morning News* follows the example of the *Freeman*.

Surrey closed her season on Aug. 29 by beating Kent at the Oval by 105 runs. The wicket was treacherous all through the match, and Surrey won the game largely through her superior bowling, though Mr. Read contributed a very fine and useful innings of 46. Kent broke down hopelessly in the second innings against the bowling of Lockwood, who broke back heavily and bowled at a great pace. In all, he took seven wickets in twelve overs—five of them maidens—for nineteen runs, every one of them being clean bowled. His bowling average for the whole match was eleven wickets for forty-five runs, twelve of them being extras. The Kent match leaves Surrey far away at the head of the counties, with ten points to the good, Lancashire coming next with four points.

The week has been marked by two railway disasters. In one an empty G.N.R. excursion-train from Margate ran with too much force into Ramsgate station, breaking through a wall and crashing down into the road. The wall came down in the middle of a party of men, including a hawker named Grainger, who was buried in the ruins and killed. Others, including a woman and child, were injured, and one man had his foot amputated. The engine ran clean across the roadway, through a shed and some railings, and finally dropped into a saw-pit. The other accident occurred outside Retford between two M.S. and L. goods-trains. The express goods-train from Manchester to Grimsby ran into some coal-carriages standing on the up main line. The engine telescoped the coal-wagons, toppled over, and fell with a crash on to the embankment. Her driver was badly hurt, and other railway servants sustained injuries.

The improvement in the condition of Sir Henry Hawkins and Mr. Spurgeon is still maintained. Lord Dufferin is quite convalescent.

The ninth congress of Orientalists was opened on Sept. 1 in the Inner Temple Hall by Dr. Taylor, in the absence of Lord Dufferin. Dr. Taylor described the congress as having two elements, the scientific and the social, the papers ranging from Sanscrit, music, and geometry, or theories as to the origin of civilisation and the Gospels, to a history of Persian shawls. Dr. Leitner, the organising secretary, read the report, and an interesting feature of the opening meeting, which was attended by the Italian and Greek Ambassadors, was a resolution of thanks to the Queen, moved by Professor Hagopian, of Armenia, in which her Majesty was referred to as "a student of an Oriental language."

THIS TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

If the people of this "right little tight little island" were as grateful as fortunate, there would be no more gratefully pious nation under the sun. Its valour, its hardihood, its resource, its constancy in adventure or resistance are great; but what good fortune it has had to back these qualities when without it they would have been used to small effect or all to waste! At many a crisis, at many a sharp turn, the luck of the country has been so conspicuous as to strike the dullest reader of its history; and there have been other occasions equally fortunate though not so obvious to the naked eye. Not only in fateful times, however, but every day and every hour the children of this lovely land have reason to hug themselves on their inheritance; and though we have our troubles too, it can be no mere fancy that at this very moment thousands and thousands of Englishmen are looking first abroad and then at home with grateful hearts.

Our good fortune is largely due to our much-despised climate, but infinitely more, of course, to the fact that Britain is an island lying westerly of the continent of Europe. Thus we are in the way of all that is good, and out of the way of a vast deal of anxiety (anxiety that costs) and a vast deal of harm. There is not a day of our lives when we may not go down to the shore and bless the "silver streak" that divides us from troubles more hard to bear than any that we are called upon to endure; but the difference between our own fortune and that of nearly all the peoples across the Channel is rarely more marked than it is just now. War and famine are the most awful scourges of the earth; and while we lie snug enough in our island home from the menace of the one, and are far above all fear of the other, millions of men in more nations than one go every day in dread of both; or, if not in absolute dread, yet with greater anxiety than they have shown for many a year. We, too, have a very poor harvest: nearly every food-crop has suffered enormously from the untimely excesses of a climate which is one of the best in the whole world, because it produces the finest crop of men and women in the world till it is spoilt in factories and sweating-dens. Most British farms have been impoverished by the winds and the rains and the sunless air of the summer, and food will be dearer on that account as well as because of the far greater dearth elsewhere. But as for the half-killing want that threatens wide regions west of Russia, as for the famine that is already taking the lives of thousands in the Czar's territory, we have no more reason to dread it than to fear a visitation of yellow-fever. We shall not escape harmless, nor should we if our own crops were good and the scarcity of food in England nearly inappreciable; because no loss is so sure to diminish the general bulk of trade as a loss on the general produce of the earth. But though the rightest and tightest of islands must take some share of a common affliction, what is bread a little dearer, trade a little slack for the time in a nation full of riches, as compared with the dreadful sufferings of those Russian millions or the want of others nearer to our shores? If we draw our eyes homeward from Muscovite villages wholly depopulated by famine to Germany, for example, we see a distress in that poor country that goes far beyond any that may be feared at home; and beneath the distress a long-brooding violence of discontent which German statesmanship regards (or did till lately regard) as almost as great a menace to peace as war itself. And the burden of war-preparation, the war-tax of so many kinds that has to be borne together with the want or the famine—happy should we be to think of how much of that we are spared also, being islanders and having the silver streak for frontier.

Nor is it only the burden of war-preparation that adds to the troubles of the greater Continental countries just now. Nations are sometimes nearer to war than their peoples are aware of. It was so with ourselves at a certain stage of "the Penjeh incident," when actual preparation was made to send a fleet into the Baltic, even to the appointment of the fleet's commander. It was so a few years later, when we were concerned much less and the Continental peoples more. Just when they looked most formidable, both these dangers passed away without exciting anything like the alarm which a wider knowledge of them would have occasioned. But at other times Europe is overcome by vague and restless fears for which no substantial reason can be given. The sky is as cloudless to-day as it was yesterday, and yet something in the air seems to whisper of approaching storm. So it is just now, apparently. Together with the certainty of dearth, there is more trepidation for peace than has troubled the general mind in Europe for some time past—much more, I believe, than finds expression in print. There are no new grounds for this uneasiness, probably; but it exists, and when we consider what the long-expected, long-dreaded war portends for those who will be immediately involved in it, again we may thank our stars that we are spared the tremors that even a groundless anxiety may excite. The storm will break some day, but if we are but wise enough, and careful to keep strong enough (for this is a matter in which wisdom is nearly profitless without strength), it will not break upon this happy isle as it will over there beyond sea. If but half the machinery of destruction that has been accumulated in Europe be employed for three months, the desolation and the carnage will be such as was never known before. Who can wonder, therefore, if, at any slight cause, the hearts of whole populations should sink a little; and how grateful should we be that at the worst

(with due wisdom, and such preparation as can easily be endured) England need fear nothing more than a singeing at the fringe of the flame!

And gratitude for the immunities secured and enjoyed should show us the duty of still securing them by every means at command for the generations to come. England safe and strong is peace not only for her own people, but for hundreds of millions of men in far distant places. The light in this pharos quenched, a great part of the whole inhabited earth would sink forthwith into darkness and confusion. All would come right again some day, no doubt. It is true of nations as well as of individuals, perhaps, that the existence of none of them is essential to the welfare of the human race—in the long run. But what a lingering meanwhile of disaster there would be if "this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England" were blotted out, or the power broken of not the most wonderful, but the most beneficent empire the sun has ever shone upon!

Duke of Edinburgh, in charge of one of the most important squadrons or stations belonging to that noble service.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, of Ebury Street.

THE FATAL ACCIDENT ON MONT BLANC.

More than halfway on the toilsome ascent of Mont Blanc, from the Grands Mulets to the Grand Plateau, lies a nearly level and uniform field of *neré*, called the Petit Plateau, followed by a steeper slope traversed by a great crevasse, situated nearly 13,000 ft. above the level of the sea. On the afternoon of Aug. 21, a party of eleven persons, while descending from the Grand to the Petit Plateau, were overwhelmed by an avalanche, which proved fatal to two of the party.

According to the account given by Mr. Richard Edgcumbe, in letters to the *Times*, two gentlemen and nine guides and porters were in the act of descending round the head of the huge crevasse, when a large mass of ice and snow became detached from the overhanging summit of the Dôme du Goûté, and dashed with terrific force upon the Petit Plateau. Before anyone had the smallest suspicion of impending danger, the whole party was engulfed. Five persons, more or less injured, were hurled into the huge crevasse, and at that moment the rope by which they were tied gave in two places. This proved fatal to Herr Hermann Rothe and his guide, Michel Simond, who both sank deep into the crevasse. For some days fifteen picked guides were employed, at the risk of their lives, in sounding the crevasse, which had become blocked by masses of ice and frozen snow. One of our Illustrations (from a photograph taken by M. Tairraz, of Chamounix) represents the plateau the moment when the guides were employed on their perilous task, the other the condition of the spot before the avalanche fell. On the afternoon of Wednesday, Aug. 26, the body of Herr Rothe was found wedged in a wall of ice 150 ft. below the surface of the crevasse; and on the following day that of his guide, Michel Simond, was discovered at a still greater depth. This accident has caused a deep and painful impression at Chamounix, where no such catastrophe has occurred for nineteen years. Herr Rothe and his guide were interred on Aug. 29, amid every mark of profound sympathy and respect from hundreds of persons who assembled round their graves. Herr Rothe was a native of Brunswick, and about fifty years of age. His guide, Michel Simond, who was in his thirtieth year, leaves a young wife and child.

EMPEROR FREDERICK IN POSEN.

Posen, an extensive province to the east of Brandenburg and to the north of Silesia, may be regarded as Prussian Poland, being that share of the ancient Polish kingdom, repeatedly curtailed and dismembered by its powerful neighbours, which has been absorbed by the kingdom of Prussia. This process was effected in the last century; it was the policy of the Prussian rulers, described in Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," to introduce there, as in other territories which were inhabited by a Slavonic or a Wendish race, numerous detached parties of German, or even Flemish, colonists, whose peaceable habits and industrial or agricultural thrift set an example of improved civilisation. Among these people were some Bavarians, whose original abode may have been the town or neighbourhood of Bamberg, near Bayreuth; this, at least, may be conjectured from their descendants being still called "Bamberkas," which is not unlike "Bambergers," by their neighbours in Posen. They dwell together in certain villages, and retain many German characteristics, preserving their old Bavarian peasant costume, with

the singular high cap, on festive days adorned with many ribbons and artificial flowers, the simple frock, embroidered white apron and neckerchief, forming the picturesque gala dress of the Bamberka women. The Empress Frederick, our Princess Royal, accompanied by Princess Margaret of Prussia and Germany, recently travelled in Posen, to attend the public festival of the Posen regiment, the 2nd Hussars of the Royal Guard, her Majesty being honorary commander of that regiment. In passing through the Bamberka district, her Majesty was met by a deputation of those honest and loyal people, who presented an address. This interesting scene was sketched by Mr. A. Dörfel, an artist of Ravitsch, to whom we are indebted for the illustration now published.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY'S HORSE SHOW.

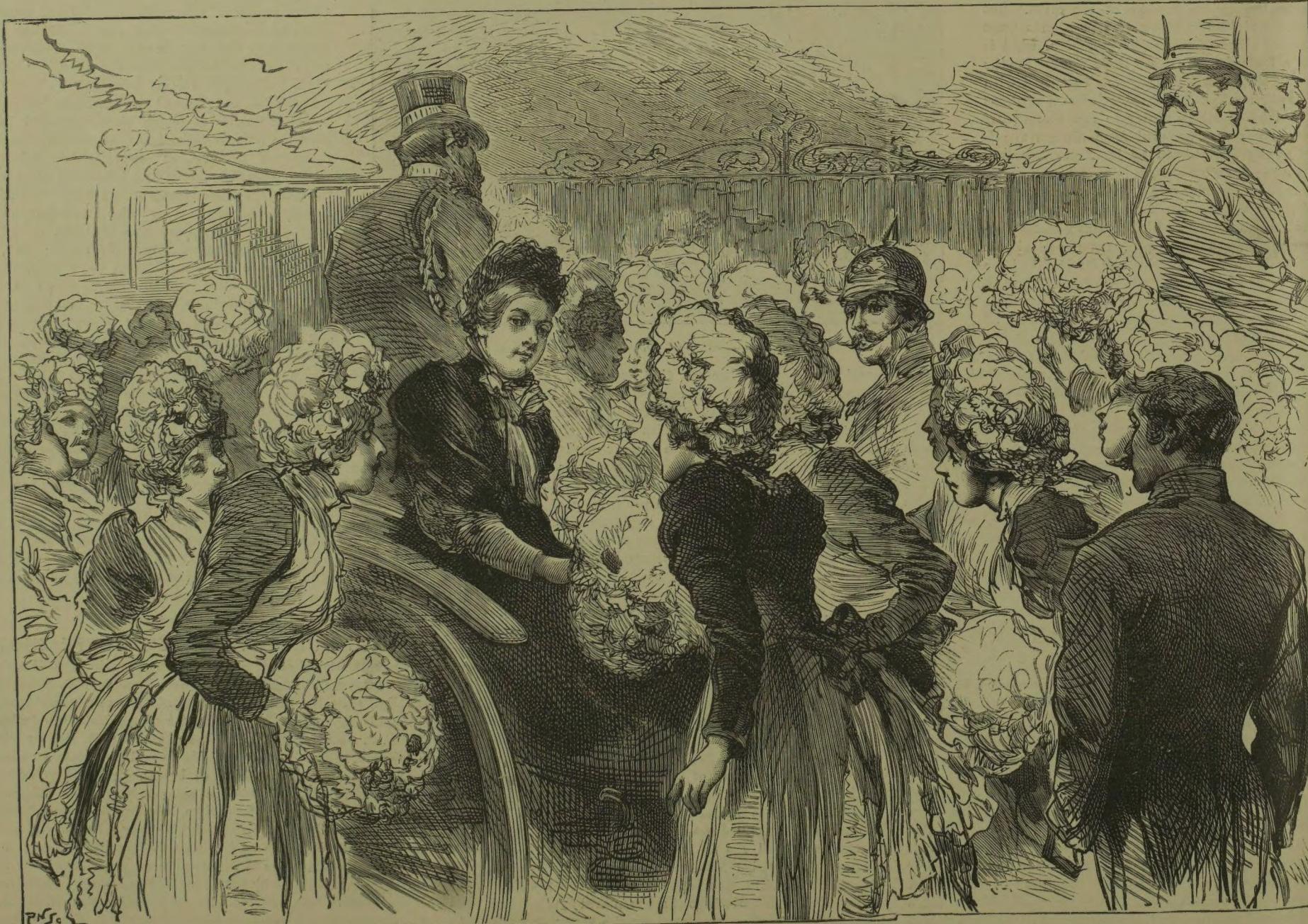
The great Irish show of horses and sheep, under the direction of the Royal Dublin Society, was held from Aug. 25 to Aug. 28, at Ball's Bridge, in the suburbs of that city, the arrangements being made by the Committee of Agriculture, of which Sir T. P. Butler, Bart., is chairman, and Mr. R. Fowler vice-chairman, while Mr. James Macdonald is superintendent. There was a good exhibition of horses, divided into various classes, and further grouped in separate rings, comprising the four-year-olds, thoroughbred sires, brood mares, young horses, and yearlings, hunters, light-weight hunters, hackneys, ladies' and park horses, cobs and ponies. After the judging and award of prizes, there was a parade of prize horses on the second day, witnessed by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Lady Zetland, followed by a lively jumping competition for the hunters, over a course presenting such obstacles as a bank and wall, ditch and bank, stone wall, double bank, water-jump, and hurdles. The Duke of Clarence and Avondale visited the show.



PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES, K.G., COMMANDER R.N.



FATAL ACCIDENT ON MONT BLANC: SEARCHING FOR THE BODIES OF HERR ROTHE AND HIS GUIDE.



THE EMPRESS FREDERICK RECEIVING A DÉPUTATION OF "BAMBERKAS" ON HER JOURNEY THROUGH POSEN.

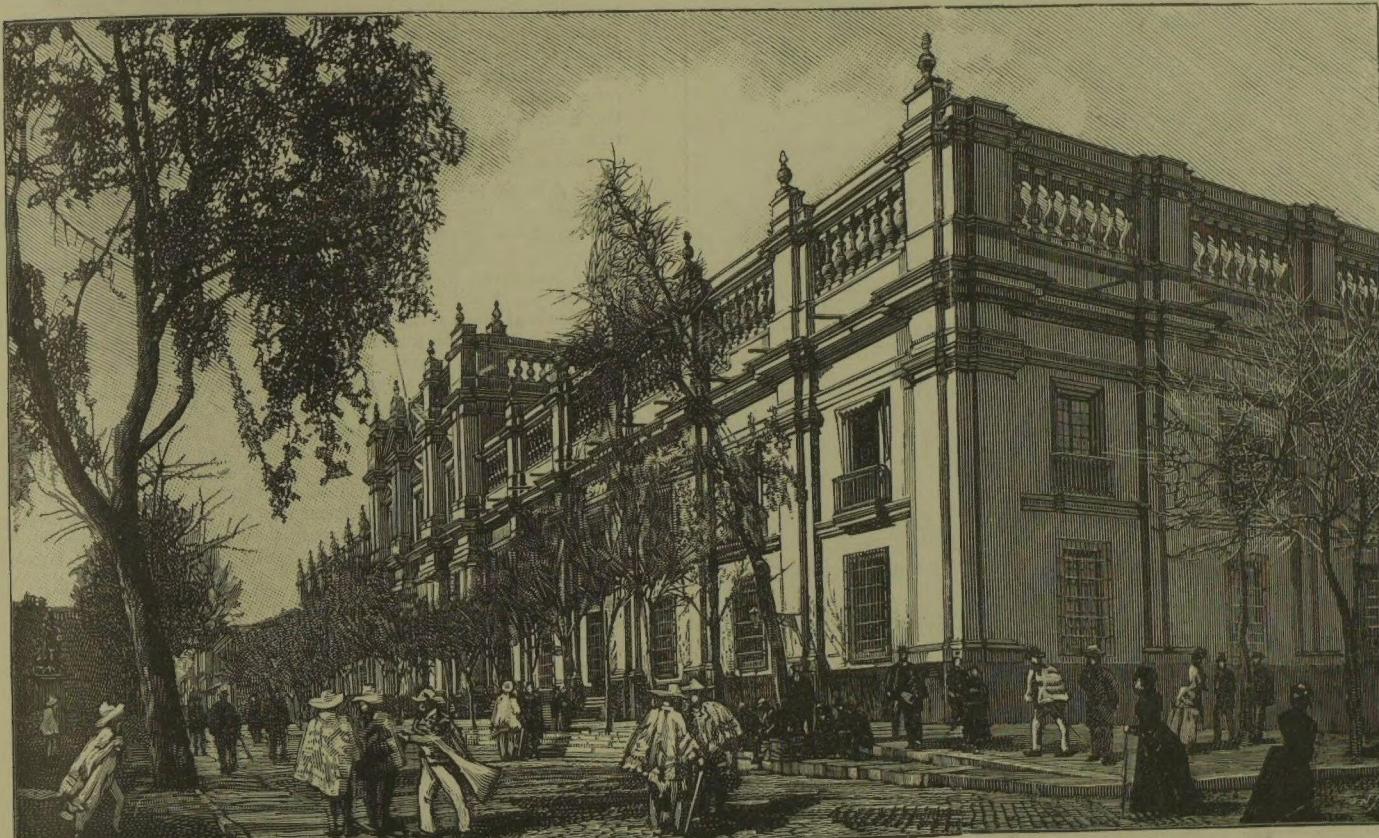
THE CIVIL WAR IN CHILE.

The obstinate and sanguinary conflict which has raged during several months in the Republic of Chile between two hostile political parties, that of Don José Manuel Balmaceda, the President, and that of the majority of both Houses of the Congress opposed to his illegal usurpation of arbitrary power, has ended in his sudden and complete defeat, with the surrender to the Congressionalists of the great commercial seaport, Valparaiso, and of Santiago, the capital of the Republic, situated inland a few hours' journey by railroad. In the earlier period of this struggle, the forces of the Opposition leaders, called by Balmaceda rebels or insurgents, but claiming to be on the side of constitutional government, consisted mainly of the fleet along the sea-coast, while the army was in the hands of the President; but after the former party had gained possession of the northern provinces, including the valuable nitrate-yielding region of Tarapaca, with the revenue thence derived, it was enabled to equip a considerable body of troops. Balmaceda, for his part, had meantime largely augmented his military force, and had fitted out vessels of war, and purchased others, with torpedo-boats, which inflicted more than one serious loss on the Congressional navy, though no general engagement at sea could be ventured on his side. He retained a strong garrison on the coast, at the port of Coquimbo, some three hundred miles north of Valparaiso, while the headquarters of the Congressionalists were at Iquique, distant from Valparaiso nearly eight hundred miles in that direction, and it seemed impossible for their land force to march so far to the south, with Coquimbo on their flank, the Chilian



THE CALLE ARTURO PRATT, VALPARAISO.

mob of the populace set fire to his palace, the "Executive Mansion," and to the houses of Señor Godoy, Minister of the Interior, of General Barbosa, and other obnoxious persons, also to the Government newspaper offices, all which buildings were destroyed. Santiago was, however, speedily occupied and protected on the arrival of General Baquedano's troops, and many of the rioters or pillagers were shot. The Junta, or Provisional Government, has already fixed its abode in the capital of Chile, and General del Canto is there in military command. The Almirante Lynch and three torpedo-boats of Balmaceda's in the harbour of Valparaiso surrendered immediately to the Congressionalist fleet; but two of his ships, the Almirante Condell and the Imperiale, lying at Coquimbo, were still at large. Balmaceda was also, previously to his overthrow, expecting the arrival of two powerful new war-ships ordered in Europe—namely, the Presidente Errazuriz, fitted out in a French port, and which had been allowed to sail for South America; and the Presidente Pinto, which has been equipped at Kiel, but has been detained there by the German Government. These ships will now probably be delivered to the Congressionalist Government, and its squadron can hardly fail to capture those at Coquimbo. A matter requiring explanation is the recent act of a British naval officer, commanding H.M.S. *Espiègle*, in consenting to carry a large quantity of silver bullion from Chile to Montevideo, for President Balmaceda, to pay for the ships he had ordered in Europe; this silver had been set apart by law to pay the interest due to the Chilian bondholders. The British Government—that is to say, the



PRESIDENT BALMACEDA'S PALACE, AND TREASURY BUILDINGS, SANTIAGO.

territory in that part being a mere narrow strip between the mountains and the sea. What has now taken place—a bold, skilful, and finally successful exploit of warfare—is the landing of the Congressionalist troops, inferior in numbers, under General del Canto, in Quintero Bay, ten miles north of Valparaiso, when Balmaceda attacked them and suffered a defeat with great loss, at Concon, which is at the mouth of the river Aconcagua, on Aug. 21; followed during six days by manoeuvres that tempted Balmaceda to bring out his whole army, till on Aug. 28 there was a decisive battle at Placilla, seven miles from the city, near Viña del Mar, when the President's army was completely routed, its joint commanders, General Barbosa and General Alzcerreca, being killed, with about fifteen hundred soldiers killed and wounded; the fighting, begun at daybreak, continued five hours, and the victorious army entered Valparaiso in the afternoon. Balmaceda fled to the mountains; his deputy, Claudio Vieyra, took refuge on board the flagship of the German naval squadron; and the Governor of Valparaiso, Oscar Viel, surrendered the city to the representative of the German Empire, who handed it over to the Congressionalists. One of the leaders of that party, Don Joachin Walker Martínez, who had remained in seclusion during Balmaceda's rule, was appointed Intendente or Governor of Valparaiso, pending the arrival of the Junta, or Committee of Provisional Government of Chile, from Iquique. The actual power, under the state of siege, was with General del Canto and Admiral Montt, the commanders respectively of the army and of the fleet. The city of Santiago was surrendered next day to General Baquedano, who had advanced with a division of the troops that had won Valparaiso. Before order could be restored, Santiago being thrown into confusion by the President's flight, a riotous



MUELLE DE PASAJEROS, VALPARAISO.



GENERAL BAQUEDANO,
Chilian President (ad interim).

Balmaceda's army suffered great losses in attempting to withstand the fording of the river Aconcagua; but in the second battle, on the 28th, the conflict taking place on the hills above Viña del Mar, neither the ships nor the forts were engaged. We understand that General del Canto, early in the morning of that day, unexpectedly quitted his position at Viña del Mar, on the sea-shore, where severe fighting had occurred, and marched to the hills inland, outflanking the right wing of Balmaceda's army; he then seized the position of Salto, a railway-cutting on the line from Valparaiso to Santiago, thus intercepting the communications between the two portions of Balmaceda's forces—namely, those which had been advancing to attack him at Viña del Mar and those coming from Santiago; this being done, General del Canto drew his own main force a little southward to Placilla, where he stood between his enemy and the city of Valparaiso; he had one of Balmaceda's generals on his right front, the other on his left front, so placed that they could not very readily act together. They are said to have hesitated and disputed the orders of the President, who nevertheless insisted on their attacking

Admiralty—has sent out instructions calling on this officer to account for his conduct. There is little, at the present date, for us to add to the above narrative of recent events; and the descriptions hitherto received by telegraph through New York of the two battles, namely, at Concon on Aug. 21, and at Placilla, near Viña del Mar, on Aug. 28, are lacking in precision. The Congressional troops were, in the former engagement, fighting near the sea-shore, much aided by the fire of the ships, and

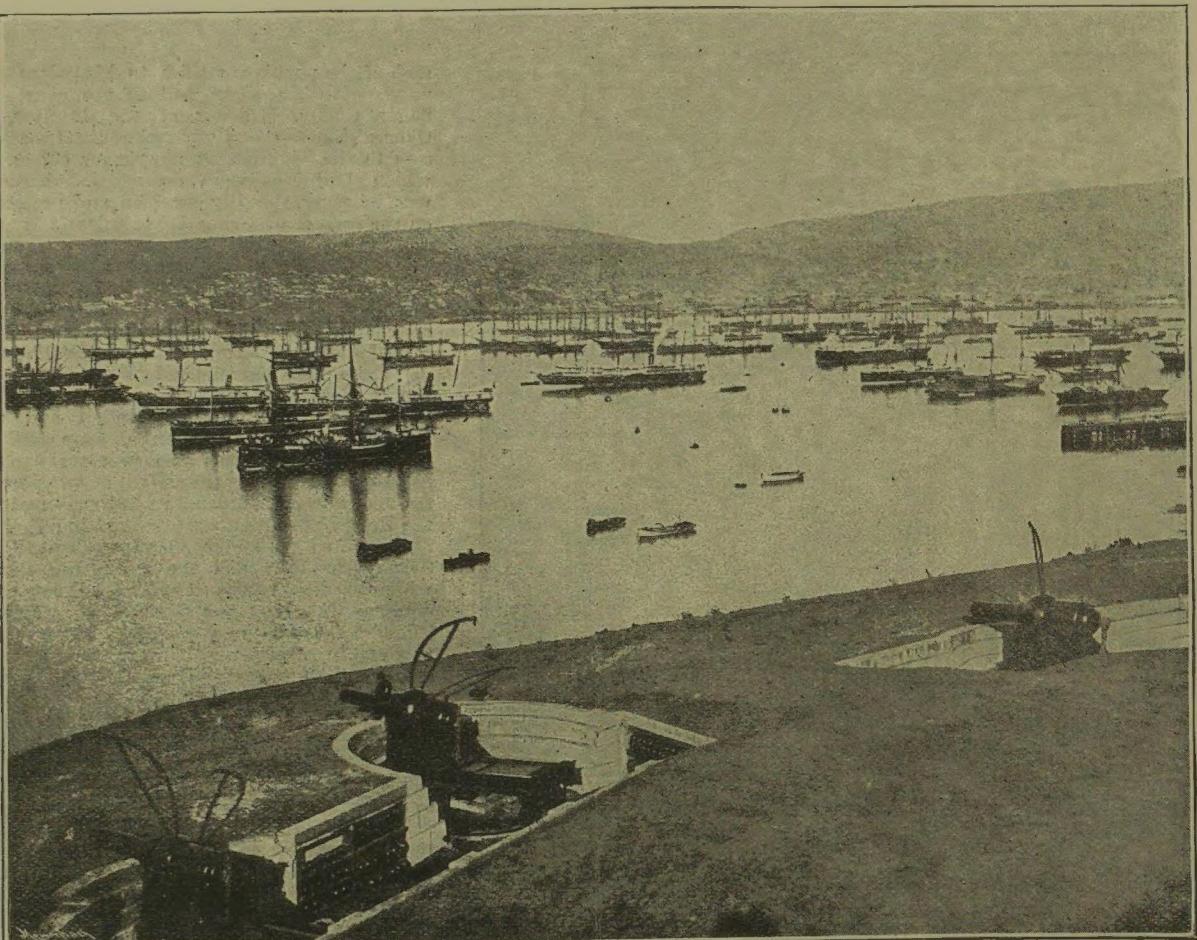
citizens of Valparaiso; also one of the streets in that city, named the Calle Arturo Pratt in memory of a hero, of English parentage, who performed feats of valour in the Chilean revolution; and views of the "Muelle" or moles, the piers in the harbour there; the Congress Hall at Santiago, the Executive Mansion, or Palace of the President, now burnt down, with the adjacent Treasury building; a scene in the public gardens at Santiago, with a few English residents sitting under the shady trees; and portraits of General del Canto, Admiral Montt, and other leading personages in the recent transactions. The city of Santiago is pleasantly situated, handsomely built, and covers a large extent of ground for its population of 148,300. The best view of the place is afforded by the Cerro Santa Lucia, a reddish porphyry crag rising abruptly from the very heart of the city. This hill has been converted into a public walk, and is lit by gas. Besides this there is the Alameda, forming a triple avenue more than half a mile long, with a double row of trees, between which flows a little stream, flanked by seats and pavilions for the bands that enliven the scene with their music on Sundays and holidays. The long range of the Cordillera, with its continuous line of snow-capped peaks, forms a limit to the view eastward, and adds greatly to the grandeur of the prospect.

One of the most influential members of the Conservative party in Chile is Señor Don Manuel José Irarrázabal. He was born in Santiago in 1835, and was first educated in the Institute of that city. He then went to a United States college, and finished his education in a



ADMIRAL GEORGE MONTT,

Commander of the Congressional Fleet.



THE CIVIL WAR IN CHILE: VALPARAISO BAY FROM ARTILLERY HILL.

the well-concentrated army of General del Canto at Placilla. The victory on this occasion is ascribed partly to the effective Männlicher magazine rifle, with which the Congressionalists were armed, and in the use of which they were drilled by a German officer, Colonel Körner; but also partly to the dissensions between Balmaceda's two generals, Barbosa and Alzereca, and to the dismay caused in his army when both were killed. The number of Balmaceda's troops in the field that day was about twelve thousand, having lost 3500 in killed, wounded, prisoners, and deserters since the operations began on the 21st. It is said that 700 were killed on his side in the two battles, while of General del Canto's army, which numbered 10,000, only 200 were killed.

It is evident that the Congressionalist army was handled with remarkable skill against an enemy of much larger force at the outset, occupying strong positions. The victory was very fairly earned, the troops on both sides fighting with great courage. Equally creditable to the victors is their behaviour in the two cities, Valparaiso and Santiago, of which they so quickly gained possession. There were no outrages or acts

of violence perpetrated by the soldiers, whose entrance was greeted with joy by the whole population. We earnestly hope that peace in all parts of the Chilean Republic will have been secured by these events, and that there will be a just, orderly, lawful Government in future.

We present several Views of Viña del Mar, the rocky sea-beach there, and the racecourse, a favourite resort of the



GENERAL DEL CANTO,
Commander of the Congressional Army.

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SEÑOR DON MANUEL JOSE IRARRAZBAL.

Our Portrait of General Whichcote is from a photograph by R. V. Green, of Coventry; Mr. Penn, M.P., by W. Crooke, of Princes Street, Edinburgh; Mrs. Besant, by Sarony, of New York; and Señor Irarrázabal, by Adèle, of Vienna.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The present is a busy month for Continental armies and navies, whose yearly manoeuvres generally take place in September. This year is no exception to the rule, and in Germany, in Austria, in France, and even in the Balkan States, large masses of troops are being, or will shortly be, engaged in mimic warfare. The Austrian manoeuvres began on Aug. 31, in the neighbourhood of Cilli, in Styria, and were continued during the week. They were attended by the German Emperor and the King of Saxony, who joined the Emperor of Austria at Schwarzenau.

In Germany, military and naval manoeuvres combined will take place under the command of Admiral Von der Goltz. They will be of considerable importance, considering that thirty-nine vessels will be engaged in an attack on the coast defences of Kiel, this being the form they are to take, so as to train the naval and military forces to co-operate in the defences of the country.

In no Continental country, however, are military manoeuvres to be carried out on so large a scale as in France, where four Army Corps are now engaged in sham warfare, under General Saussier, the *generalissimo* of the French Army. The troops are formed into two armies, consisting of two Army Corps each. One of these armies is commanded by General de Gallifet, and the other by General Davout. The field of operations is situated in the departments of the Aube and the Marne, which is a notable fact, this being the first time that extensive manoeuvres of this kind take place in the direction of the German frontier. On account of the interest attaching to these manoeuvres, a number of officers of all nations are attending them on behalf of their respective Governments.

The imperial decree forbidding the export of rye from Russia came into force on Aug. 27, not a moment too soon, for the populace was getting excited in various parts of the empire, and riots had already taken place in Vitebsk, Dunaburg, and other towns, the people being indignant at the delay in carrying out the decree. At Vitebsk the mob seized upon a number of railway trucks loaded with rye about to be dispatched to Germany, threw the sacks of corn on to the line, and ill-used the railway men and all the Jews they happened to meet. The military had to be called out before order could be restored, and a number of rioters were wounded, two or three mortally. It is now quite evident that the reports as to the failure of Russian crops were in no way exaggerated, and that the condition of the Russian peasants is deplorable. Fears are entertained, however, that the worst has yet to come, for it is reported from Odessa that in a short time the insufficiency of the maize crop will give rise to a similar state of affairs, and that the Russian Government will have to take further measures to prevent the exportation of maize.

Although no apprehension need exist in Western Europe, it is nevertheless a fact that the wheat harvest of the world is this year considerably below the average. According to a report published by the Hungarian Government, the deficiency is estimated at about fifty million hectolitres on the wheat, and at one hundred million hectolitres on the rye. Taking into account the average consumption in the various countries of Europe, it is computed by the Hungarian authorities that Austria will have to import ten to twelve million hectolitres of wheat and six million hectolitres of rye. Hungary has a surplus in wheat which more than compensates for the deficit in the rye harvest; but other countries are not so favourably situated. Germany, for instance, will have to draw from abroad ten million hectolitres of wheat and twenty-five million hectolitres of rye; France, thirty million hectolitres of wheat; and Russia, with a surplus of sixteen million hectolitres of wheat, will have to import about thirty million hectolitres of rye, the deficit in this kind of corn amounting to forty or forty-five million hectolitres.

A curious effect of the scarcity of rye is that German soldiers will now receive white bread instead of the rye bread usually served out to them. A few days ago the German Emperor tasted the new bread and expressed himself satisfied with it. The substitution of wheat bread for rye bread somehow recalls the saying of that French princess who, on hearing that bread was scarce, suggested that the poor should eat cake.

That there is always an element of unrest and uncertainty in the Balkans is a well-established fact. It is, therefore, not surprising to hear that a few clouds have just appeared on the Eastern horizon. Servia and Bulgaria are at present making military preparations, and accusing each other of harbouring nefarious designs against one another. The Servian Government are concentrating 65,000 troops between Pirot and Koula, for the autumn manoeuvres, and the Bulgarian Government have asked explanations at Belgrade. The Porte, on being apprised of this, has suggested to the Servian Regents that the army manoeuvres should be held in the interior of the country instead of on the Bulgarian frontier, but it is not known whether the Servian Cabinet will take the hint. In order to be ready for any emergency, the Bulgarian Government is mobilising three Army Corps under the pretext of exercising the soldiers with the Männlicher rifle, so that the attitude of the Bulgarian and Servian Governments respectively provides all the necessary elements of a pretty quarrel. But, as it does not appear that any of the Great Powers, whose clients the Servians and Bulgarians are, wish to disturb the peace of Europe, the vapourings of the Servians and Bulgarians may be taken for what they are worth—that is, for very little.

A rather important piece of news has recently come to London from Constantinople to the effect that Turkey has given way to Russia on the Dardanelles question, and, after apologising for the detention of the steamer Moscow, of the volunteer fleet, has assured the Russian Ambassador at the Porte that no repetition of this incident will occur. This means that Russian war-vessels will be allowed to sail through the Straits, which are to be closed to the ships of other Powers. The German papers hesitate to believe that the information is correct, and think that it will soon be officially contradicted; at the same time they discuss the news as if they thought it was not wholly devoid of foundation. Considering that the original announcement may be a *ballon d'essai*, the fact is worth noting.

The "Dublin Guide" (price 1s.), published by Messrs. Eason is a cheap, thorough, correct, and picturesque sketch of the places of beauty and note with which Dublin, Kings-town, Bray, and Howth abound. So long as the tourist has this book in his hand he should really miss nothing.

The similar "Guide to Spain" for a short holiday is in the same style, and very clearly maps out a brief tour, though it is a little shorter and less freely coloured. Both are excellent holiday companions.

PERSONAL.

The most distinguished of the tiny band of surviving Waterloo officers has just passed away, in the person of General Whichcote, who not only with his regiment, the 52nd Foot, played a prominent part in the great victory, but went through the most brilliant portions of the Peninsular campaign. He was born in 1794, was a Rugby boy, where he was "fag" to Macready, and distinctly remembered the arrival of the news of the victory of Trafalgar, specially endeared to the boys by the grant of four holidays. He joined the Army as a subaltern in 1810, when only sixteen years old, and saw service the same year. He took part in the sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, and the great battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, Pyrenees, Orthes, and Toulouse, with many other engagements. A bit of boyish daring gave him the opportunity of being the first English officer to enter Toulouse on the evacuation of the French. He spied Soult's men retreating, and followed them up into the gates. After the campaign was over his regiment was ordered off to New Orleans, and was stopped on the voyage with the news of Napoleon's escape from Elba. The 52nd were then sent to Ostend to join Wellington's army, and young Lieutenant Whichcote commanded a company at the famous victory.

The part his regiment took in the battle was notable, for it is generally believed that they preceded the Guards in the famous charge at the end of the day which demolished the French Guard and finished the battle. After Waterloo, young Whichcote went to Paris, and stood guard over the Louvre as it was being stripped of the art spoils which Napoleon had drawn from all Europe. Here his part in the active life of his country practically ended. He was placed on half-pay, after fifteen years' service, in 1825, and then passed quietly up the grades to a general in 1871. He took no part in the Crimean War or in the Indian Mutiny, living in retirement at the family seat at Meriden, near Coventry. The Queen graciously remembered his historic services, for she sent him her Jubilee medal, with a very kind autograph letter. He was a gentle and chivalrous man, simple and soldierly, with the fine manners of the age in which his active years were passed.

By the way, it is an error to suppose that General Whichcote was the only surviving Waterloo officer. The Army List also contains the names of Lieutenant-Colonel Hcwitt, late of the 53rd Foot, Lieutenant-Colonel Webster, late of the 18th Foot, and Major Brady, late 36th Foot. Captain Fenton, though considerably over the nineties, is still, we believe, alive. His name was recently brought to the notice of the late Earl of Albemarle, the most famous of the Waterloo veterans, and a friendly correspondence was exchanged between the two soldiers.

By the recent death of Mr. Frederick Lehmann, of Berkeley Square, the City of London loses one of its merchant princes, the senior partner in the flourishing firm of Naylor, Benzon, and Co., and artists and men of letters a munificent friend and patron. Mr. Lehmann, who through his marriage with a daughter of the late Robert Chambers was connected with one of the largest publishing businesses in the kingdom, and whose brother, Mr. Rudolf Lehmann, is an artist of acknowledged merit, was an intimate friend of Robert Browning and Wilkie Collins. Mr. James Payn also enjoyed his close friendship, and Sir John Millais was a frequent guest at his hospitable home in Berkeley Square, where, by the way, hang two of that artist's most charming portraits, both representing Mr. Lehmann's daughter, Lady Campbell. Among Mr. Lehmann's pictures are several by the late Fred Walker, of whose genius he was a great admirer. Both "The Fishmonger's Shop" and "Marlow Ferry" adorn his walls. Mr. Lehmann's eldest son, Mr. R. C. Lehmann, is well known both as an excellent oarsman and an authority on rowing, and as a regular contributor to the pages of *Punch*.

Miss Agnes Huntington, who has been spending some weeks in England, partly with friends in the country and partly at her residence at Albert Gate, sailed a day or two ago for America, where she will tour for a few months with "Captain Thérèse" and "Paul Jones," in the latter of which she won so much favour in London. Miss Huntington returns to London early next year, when it is her intention to open with some novelty not yet decided upon, in a theatre of her own.

Mr. Gladstone has entirely recovered from the effects of his severe attack of influenza. He is still, however, under the orders of Sir Andrew Clark, and it is understood that the great physician will have the power of vetoing Mr. Gladstone's intention to take part in the forthcoming meeting of the National Liberal Federation on Sept. 30 and Oct. 1. The only remaining danger is that his chest and voice may have suffered some further weakening from the influenza, but at present no symptoms of this are apparent. Mr. Gladstone personally attaches great importance to keeping his engagement at Newcastle.

Mr. Penn, the new Conservative member for Lewisham, who has been elected by a majority of 1693 over his Gladstonian opponent, Mr. G. S. Warmington, is a director of the great firm of marine engineers at Greenwich and Deptford, which was founded by his grandfather. Before the firm was turned into a limited liability company, Mr. Penn was its head and active superintendent. He was not a prominent politician up to the time of his election, but he made an energetic canvass of the division, accompanied by his mother, who is extremely popular in the constituency on account of her abundant charity. Mr. Penn was born in 1848, and married a daughter of Mr. Samuel Lucas. He is a member of the Carlton. He succeeds Lord Lewisham, who was elected in 1886 by a majority of 2151, and who has now gone to the Peers as Lord Dartmouth.

A new split is threatened in the German Social Democratic party, arising out of the speech of Deputy Vollmar at the Brussels congress, declaring that if he were called on to fight France again in the cause of the Fatherland he would do so. This view was energetically repudiated by other German delegates, and the matter is likely to lead to further developments. Herr Vollmar is an extremely interesting and picturesque personage. He was a member of the Pope's bodyguard, and, like all who serve in that body, was of very old family. He was badly wounded at Gravelotte, where he fought as an officer in the Bavarian army, and suffered a permanent injury to his spine on account of the stretcher breaking down under his great weight. During his convalescence he turned Socialist, though he is not pledged to the international side of the Socialist creed.

Mrs. Besant has formally quitted the National Secular Society, with which she has been identified since 1875, and she delivered an eloquent farewell address at the Hall of Science on Sunday night, Aug. 30.

Mrs. Besant declared that materialism no longer satisfied her, especially the ignoble materialism which was content with eating, drinking, and being merry; said that she had been the recipient of mysterious communications by Mahatmas from the "spirit-world"; and signified that she had, in fact, attained through Theosophy the truth she had been seeking. The precise nature of the truth Mrs. Besant did not

explain, beyond making the not very novel announcement that she now considered man to be in his essence a spiritual being.

Von Moltke's death, the *doyen* of European statesmen. His political career dates from 1830, and France has never had a better or more faithful public servant. Always a moderate Republican, he was one of the group of men gathered round M. Thiers after the fatal events of 1870-71 who helped to put method and order into their distracted country; and under M. Grévy's presidency he consented to become Minister of Foreign Affairs for a limited period. Apart from his public career, M. Saint-Hilaire is known as being the greatest Aristotelian and Greek scholar in Europe. Even now he is engaged on a translation of the Athenian MSS. discovered last year at Oxford. In person, Barthélémy Saint-Hilaire strongly resembles the finer old Roman types of face and figure. Notwithstanding his eighty-six years, he rises every day at five, is almost a vegetarian, never touches wine, and wears no spectacles. His views on present European politics are curious, for he believes that the world will ultimately belong to the Slav and Asiatic races. Although a personal friend of Mr. Gladstone, he is, when in England, a strong Unionist.

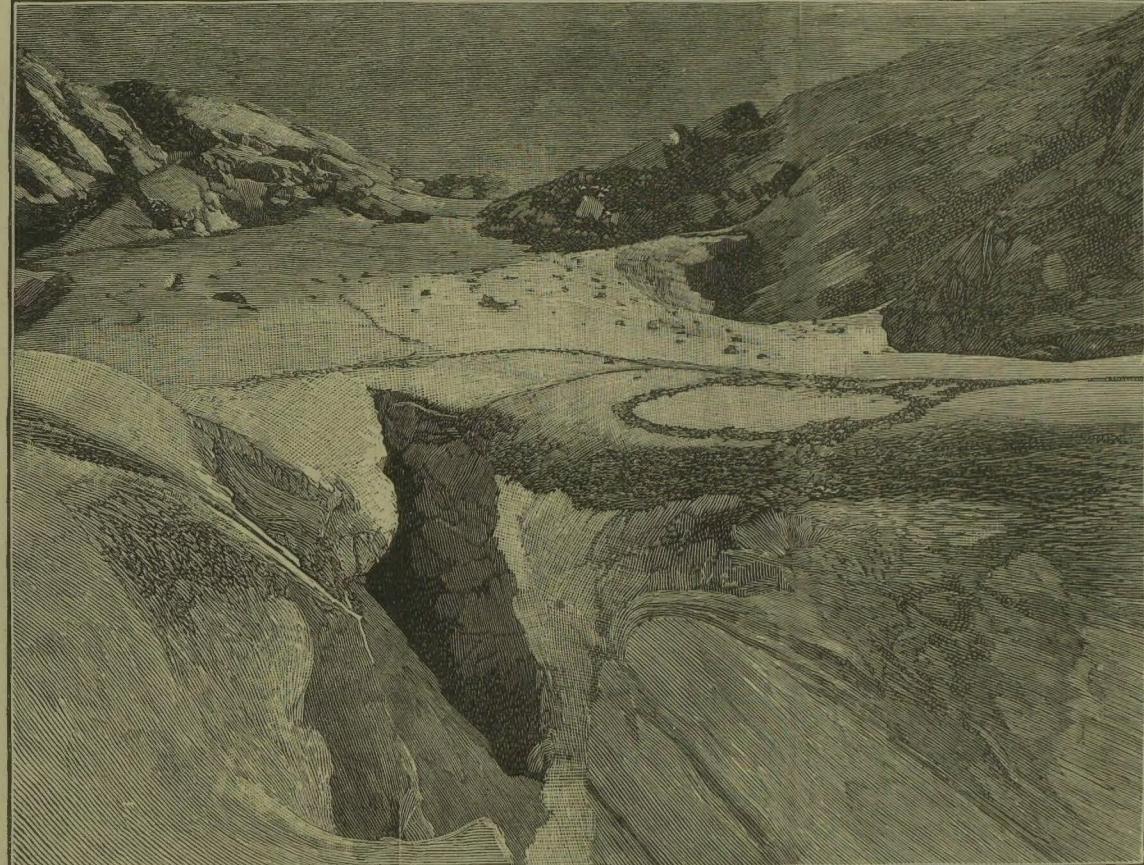
OBITUARY.

SIR SIMEON HENRY STUART, BART.

Sir Simeon Henry Stuart, Bart., of Harteley Mauduit, Hants, who died in London Aug. 22, was born June 15, 1823, the eldest son of Sir Simeon Henry Stuart, fifth baronet, by Georgiana Frances, his wife, daughter of Mr. George Gun-Cunningham. He was senior representative of the extinct peerages of Carhampton and Waltham, and succeeded to the baronetcy on his father's death in 1868. In 1846 he married Julia Maria, youngest daughter of the Hon. James Cuthbert, of Berthier Manor, Canada East, and by her (who died in 1848) had no surviving issue. He married secondly, in 1850, Catherine Henrietta, daughter of General Henry Lechmere Worrall, and by this lady had one son and two daughters. His only son, Simeon Henry Lechmere, now seventh baronet, was born in 1864, and is Lieutenant 5th Dragoon Guards.



MRS. ANNIE BESANT.



THE PETIT PLATEAU, MONT BLANC, WHERE HERR ROTHE AND HIS GUIDE WERE KILLED.

Having been subsequently taxed with saying that she had received supernatural communications either from Madame Blavatsky or dead persons, Mrs. Besant explained that she referred to letters from the Mahatmas of Thibet, who were living persons, who could be seen and conversed with, though they had powers beyond the common, and had passed through previous incarnations in the flesh.

Mrs. Jane Major is a centenarian and the oldest inhabitant of Sutton Veney, near Warminster. Her maiden name was Jane Brown, and she was born April 2, 1791. In 1814 she married Edward Hinton, by whom she had eight children, of whom two only survive. In 1838 she married Francis Major. By her first husband she is the ancestress of thirty-four persons now living—namely, two children, fourteen grandchildren, and eighteen great-grandchildren. She is well, active, and in possession of all her faculties. She has never had any serious illness, and has always lived in her native village. She remembers French prisoners being marched through Warminster after Waterloo on their way from Bristol to Salisbury. But the deepest impression upon her mind has been left by the gallows on the downs above Warminster, where certain men who had stolen sheep and committed murder were hanged. Mrs. Major kept the Bell Inn, in Sutton Veney, for over forty years, and it is said that during that time she never tasted beer. She has a younger sister, in her ninetieth year, also living in Sutton.



MRS. JANE MAJOR.

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M. Barthélémy Saint-Hilaire, who has just celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday in his Paris home, is, since Marshal

GENERAL GEORGE WHICHCOTE.

General George Whichcote, a distinguished Peninsular and Waterloo officer, died Aug. 26, in his ninety-seventh year. He was fourth son of Sir Thomas Whichcote, fourth baronet of Aswarby, county of Lincoln, by Diana, his wife, daughter of Mr. Edmund Turner of Parton and Stoke Rochford. Having entered the Army as a volunteer in the 52nd, in December 1810, he attained the rank of general in 1871. This eminent soldier served in the Peninsula, France, and Flanders, and was present in the actions of Sabugal, El Bodon, and Alfargates, siege and storm of Ciudad Rodrigo and of Badajoz, battle of Salamanca, retreat from Burgos, battle of Vittoria, action at Vera, and battles of the Pyrenees, Nivelle, Orthes, Tarbes, Toulouse, and Waterloo (war medal, with nine clasps).

MR. ROBERT DAVIES PRYCE.

Mr. Robert Davies Pryce of Cyfronydd, in the county of Montgomery, died Aug. 21, in his seventy-second year. He was eldest son of the late Mr. Pryce Jones, by Jane, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Davies of Aberllefenny, in the county of Merioneth, and he assumed, in 1858, the surname of Pryce, in lieu of his patronymic Jones. Mr. Pryce, who was educated at Rugby and at St. John's College, Cambridge (B.A., 1842), was a Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for the county of Montgomery, and Lord Lieutenant of the county of Merioneth (High Sheriff, 1848). In 1849 he married Jane Sophia, daughter of Mr. St. John Chiverton Charlton of Apley Castle, Salop.

LADY JULIA LOCKWOOD.

Lady Julia Lockwood died on Aug. 21, at Thirlstane, Selkirkshire. She was born December 1821, the third daughter of Arthur Saunders, second Earl of Arran, by Elizabeth, his third wife, daughter of Mr. Richard Underwood. She married Mr. Robert Manners Lockwood, who died in 1865.

The last issue of *Our Celebrities* contains three portraits as finely executed and finished as usual, of Sir Julian Goldsmid, Mr. Holman Hunt, whose face is not perhaps so familiar to the world as are his great pictures, and Mr. W. Clifford-Weblyn, who is doubly interesting as the proprietor and conductor of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, and as a very well-known vocalist who sings under the name of Walter Clifford.



SHIPMATES.



Then Mohammed of Mequinez stretched out his hand and answered, "Yourself." At that word there was silence for a moment, while Benaboo shifted in his seat, and Katharine quivered beside him.

"THE SCAPEGOAT": A ROMANCE BY HALL CAINE.

THE SCAPEROAT: A ROMANCE.

BY HALL CAINE,

AUTHOR OF "THE BONDMAN" AND "THE DEEMSTER."

CHAPTER XVI.

OF NAOMI'S BLINDNESS.

Although Naomi, in her darkness and muteness since the coming of her gift of hearing, had learned to know and understand the different tongues of men, yet now that she tried to call forth words for herself, and to put out her own voice in the use of them, she was no more than a child untaught in the ways of speech. She tripped and stammered and broke down, and had to learn to speak as any helpless little one must do, only quicker, because her need was greater, and better, because she was a maid and not a babe. And, perceiving her own awkwardness, and thinking shame of it, and being abashed by the patient waiting of her father when she halted in her talk with him, and still more humbled by Ali's impetuous help when she miscalled her syllables, she fell back again on silence. Hardly could she be got to speak at all. For some days after the night when her emancipated tongue had rescued Israel from his enemies on the Sôk, she seemed to say nothing beyond "Yes" and "No," notwithstanding Ali's eager questions, and Fatima's tearful blessings, and Habeebah's breathless imprecations, and also notwithstanding the hunger and thirst of the heart of her father, who, remembering with many throbs of joy the voice that he heard with his dreaming ears when he slept on the straw bed of the poor fondak at Wazan, would have given worlds of gold, if he had possessed them still, to hear it constantly with his waking ones.

But presently her shyness of speech dropped away from her, and what was left was only a sweet maidenly unconsciousness of all faults and failings, with a soft and playful lisp that ran in and out among the simpler words that fell from her red lips like a young squirrel among the fallen leaves of autumn. It would be a long task to tell how her lisping tongue turned everything then to favour and to prettiness. On the coming of the gift of hearing, the world had first spoken to her; and now, on the coming of the gift of speech, she herself was first speaking to the world. What did she tell it at that first sweet greeting? She told it what she had been thinking of it in those mute days that were gone, when she had neither hearing nor speech, but was in the land of silence as well as in the land of night.

The fancies of the blind maid so long shut up within the beautiful casket of her body were strange and touching ones. Israel took delight in them at the beginning. He loved to probe the dark places of the mind they came from, thinking God Himself must surely have illumined it at some time with a light that no man knew, so startling were some of Naomi's replies, so tender and so beautiful.

One evening, not long after she had first spoken, he was sitting with her on the roof of their house as the sun was going down over the palpitating plains towards Arba and Larache and the great sea beyond, and twilight was gathering in the feddan under the Grand Mosque: and the last light of day, which had parleyed longest with the snowy heights of the Riff Mountains, was glowing only on the sky above them.

"Sweetheart," said Israel, "what is the sun?"

"The sun is a fire in the sky," Naomi answered: "my father lights it every morning."

"Truly, little one, thy Father lights it," said Israel, "thy Father which art in heaven."

"Sweetheart," he said again, "what is darkness?"

"Oh, darkness is cold," said Naomi promptly, and she seemed to shiver.

"Then the light must be warmth, little one?" said Israel.

"Yes, and noise," she answered; and then she added quickly, "Light is alive."

Saying this, she crept closer to his side, and knelt there, and by her old trick of love she took his hand in both of hers, and pressed it against her cheek, and then, lifting her sweet face with its motionless eyes, she began to tell him in her broken words and pretty lisp what she thought of night. In the night the world, and everything in it, was cold and quiet. That was death. The angels of God came to the world in the day. But God Himself came in the night, because He loved silence, and because all the world was dead. Then He kissed things, and in the morning all that God kissed came to life again. If you were to get up early you would feel God's kiss on the flowers and on the grass. And that was why the birds were singing then. God had kissed them in the night, and they were glad.

One day Israel took Naomi to the mearrah of the Jews, the little cemetery outside the town walls where he had buried Ruth. And there he told her of her mother once more, that she was in the grave, but also with God, that she was dead, but still alive, that she herself must not expect to find her in that place, but, nevertheless, that she would see her yet again.

Naomi could not understand, but her fixed blue eyes filled with tears, and she said abruptly: "People who die are deceitful. They want to go out in the night to be with God. That is where they are when they go away. They are wandering about the world when it is dead."

The same night Naomi was missed out of the house, and for many hours no search availed to find her. She was not in the Mellah, and therefore she must have passed into the Moorish town before the gates closed at sunset. Neither was she to be seen in the feddan or at the Kasba, or among the Arabs who sat in the red glow of the fires that burnt before their tents. At last Israel bethought him of the mearrah, and there he found her. It was dark, and the lonesome place was silent. The reflection of the lights of the town rose into the sky above it, and the distant hum of voices came over the black town walls. And there, within the straggling hedge of prickly pear, among the long white stones that lay like sheep asleep among the grass, Naomi in her double darkness, the darkness of the night and of her blindness, was running to and fro, and crying "Mother! Mother!"

Fatima took her the four miles to Marteel, that the breath of the sea might bring colour to her cheeks, which had been whitened by the heat and fumes of the town. The day was soft and beautiful, the water was quiet, and only a gentle Levant wind came creeping over it. But Naomi listened to every sound with eager intentness—the lightplash of the blue wavelets that washed to her feet, the ripple of their crests when the Levante chased them and caught them, the dip of the oars of the boatmen, the rattle of the anchor-chains of ships in the bay, and the fierce vociferations of the negroes who waded up to their waists to unload their cargoes.

And when she came home, and took her old place at her father's knees, with his hand between hers pressed close against her cheek, she told him another sweet and startling story. There was only one thing in the world that did not die at night, and it was water. That was because water was the way from heaven to earth. It went out to sea until it touched the sky, and up into the mountains and over them into the air until it was lost in the clouds. And God and His

angels came and went on the water between heaven and earth. That was why it was always moving and never sleeping, and had no night and no day. And the angels were always singing. That was why the waters were always making a noise, and were never silent like the grass. Sometimes their song was joyful, and sometimes it was sad, and sometimes the evil spirits were struggling with the angels, and that was when the waters were terrible. Every time the sea made a little noise on the shore, an angel had stepped on to the earth. The angel was glad.

Israel had begun to listen to Naomi's fancies with a doubting heart. Where had they come from? Was it his duty to wipe out these beautiful dream stories of the maid born blind and newly come upon the joy of hearing, with his own sadder tales of what the world was and what life was, and death and heaven? The question was soon decided for him.

A day or two after Naomi had been taken to Marteel; she was missed again. Israel hurried away to the sea, and there he came upon her. Alone, without help, she had found a boat on the beach and had pushed off on to the water. It was one of the double-prowed boats of the country, light as a nut-shell, made of ribs of rush, covered with camel-skin, and lined with bark. In this frail craft she was afloat, and already far out in the bay, not rowing but sitting quietly, and drifting away with the ebbing tide. The wind was rising, and the line of the bar beyond the boat was white with breakers. Israel put off after her and rescued her. The motionless eyes began to fill when she heard his sobbing voice. Where had she thought she was going to? She had thought she was going to heaven. And, truly, she had all but gone there.

Israel had no choice left to him now. He mustadden the heart of this creature of joy that he might keep her body safe from peril. Naomi was no more than a little child, swayed by her impulses alone, but in more danger from herself than any child before her, because deprived of two of her senses until she had grown to be a maid, and no control could be imposed upon her.

At length Israel nerved himself to his bitter task, and one evening while Naomi sat with him on the roof while the sun was setting, and there were noises in the streets below of the Jewish people shuffling back into the Mellah, he told her that she was blind. The word made no impression upon her mind at first. She had heard it before, and it had passed her by like a sound that she did not know. She had been born blind, and therefore could not realise what it was to see. To open a way for the awful truth was difficult, and Israel's heart smote him while he persisted. Naomi laughed as he put his fingers over her eyes that he might show her. She laughed again when he asked if she could see the people whom she could only hear. And once more she laughed when the sun had gone down, and the muezzin had come out on the Grand Mosque in the market-place, and he asked if she could see the old blind man in the minaret where he was, crying, "God is great! God is great!"

See? Did her father mean to ask her if she could feel them—the people far below, the muezzin far above? It was hard to check her merriment, but Israel had to do it. He told her, with many throbs in his throat, that she was not like other maidens—not like her father, or Ali, or Fatima, or Habeebah; that she was a being afflicted of God; that there was something she had not got, something she could not do, a world she did not know, and had never yet so much as dreamt of. Darkness was more than cold and quiet, and light was more than warmth and noise. The one was day—day ruled by the fiery sun in the sky—and the other was night, lit by the pale moon and the bright stars in heaven. And the face of man and the eyes of woman were more than features to feel—they were spirit and soul, to watch and to follow and to love without any hand being near them.

Naomi listened intently. Her cheeks twitched, her fingers rested nervously on her dress at her bosom, and her blind eyes grew large and solemn, and then filled with tears. Israel's throat swelled. To tell her of all this, though he must needs do it for her safety, was like reproaching her with her infirmity. But it was only the trouble in her father's voice that had found its way to the sealed chamber of Naomi's mind. The awful and crushing truth of her blindness came later to her consciousness, probed in and thrust home by a frailer and lighter hand.

She had always loved little children, and since the coming of her hearing she had loved them more than ever. Their lisping tongues, their pretty broken speech, their simple words, their childish thoughts, all fitted with her own needs, for she was nothing but a child herself, though grown to be a lovely maid. And of all children those she loved best were not the children of the Jews, or yet the children of the Moorish townsfolk, but the ragged, bare-foot, black and olive skinned mites who came into Tetuan with the country Arabs and Berbers on market mornings. They were simplest, their little tongues were liveliest, and they were most full of joy and wonder. So she would gather them up in twos and threes and fours, on Wednesdays and Sundays, from the mouths of their tents on the feddan, and carry them home by the hand. And there, in the patio, Ali had hung a swing of hemp rope, suspended from a bar thrown from parapet to parapet, and on this she would sport with her little ones. She would be swinging in the midst of them, with one tiny black maiden on the seat beside her, and one little black man with high stomach and shaven poll holding on to the rope behind her, and another mighty Moor in a diminutive white jellab pushing at their feet in front, and all laughing together, or the children singing as the swing rose, and she herself listening with head aslant and all her fair hair rip-rip-rippling down her back and over her neck, and her smiling white face resting on her shoulder.

It was a beautiful scene of sunny happiness, but out of it came the first great shadow of the blind girl's life. For it chanced one day that one of the children—a tiny creature with a slice of the woman in her—brought a present for Naomi out of her mother's market-basket. It was a flower, but of a strange kind, that grew only in the distant mountains, where lay the little black one's home. Naomi passed her fingers over it, and she did not know it.

"What is it?" she asked.
"It's blue," said the child.
"What is blue?" said Naomi.
"Blue—don't you know?—blue!" said the child.
"But what is blue?" Naomi asked again, holding the flower in her restless fingers.

"Why, dear me! can't you see?—blue—the flower, you know," said the child, in her artless way.

Ali was standing by at the time, and he thought to come to Naomi's relief. "Blue is a colour," he said.

"A colour?" said Naomi.

"Yes, like—like the sea," he added.

"The sea? Blue? How?" Naomi asked.

Ali tried again. "Like the sky," he said simply.

Naomi's face looked perplexed. "And what is the sky like?" she asked.

At that moment her beautiful face was turned towards Ali's face, and her great motionless blue orbs seemed to gaze into his eyes. The lad was pressed hard, and he could not keep

back the answer that leapt up to his tongue. "Like," he said—"Like"—

"Well?"

"Like your own eyes, Naomi."

By the old habit of her nervous fingers, she covered her eyes with her hands, as if the sense of touch would teach her what her other senses could not tell. But the solemn mystery had dawned on her mind at last; that she was unlike others; that she was lacking something that everyone else possessed; that the little children who played with her knew what she could never know; that she was infirm, afflicted, curtailed, cut off; that there was a strange and lovely and lightsome world lying round about her, where everyone else might sport and find delight, but that her spirit could not enter it, because she was shut off from it by the great hand of God.

From that time forward, everything seemed to remind her of her affliction, and she heard its baneful voice at all times. Even her dreams, though they had no visions, were full of voices that told of them. If a bird sang in the air above her, she lifted her sightless eyes, and they filled with tears. If she walked in the town on market morning and heard the din of traffic—the cries of the dealers, the "Balak!" of the camel-men, the "Arrah!" of the muleteers, and the twanging gimbri of the storytellers—she sighed and dropped her head into her breast. Listening to the wind, she asked if it had eyes or was sightless; and hearing of the mountains that their snowy heads rose into the clouds, she inquired if they were blind, and if they ever talked together in the sky.

But at the awful revelation of her blindness she soon ceased to be a child, and became a woman. In the week thereafter she had learned more of the world than in all the years of her life beside. She was no longer a restless gleam of sunlight, a reckless spirit of joy, but a weak, patient, blind maiden, conscious of her great infirmity, humbled by it and thinking shame of it.

One afternoon, deserting the swing in the patio, she went out with the children into the fields. The day was hot, and they wandered far down the banks and dry bed of the Marteal. And as they ran and raced, the little black people plucked the wild flowers, and called to the cattle and the sheep and the dogs, and whistled to the linnets that whistled to their young. Thus the hours went on unheeded. The afternoon passed into evening, the evening into twilight, the twilight into early night. Then the air grew empty like a vault, and a solemn quiet fell upon the children, and they crept to Naomi's side in fear, and took her hands and clung to her gown. She turned back towards the town, and as they walked in the double silence of their own hushed tongues and the songless and voiceless world, the fingers of the little ones closed tightly upon her own.

Then the children cried in terror, "See!"

"What is it?" said Naomi.

The little ones could not tell her. It was only the noiseless summer lightning, but the children had never seen it before. With broad white flashes it lit up the land as far as from the bed of the river in the valley to the white peaks of the mountains. At every flash the little people shrieked in their fear, and there was no one there to comfort them save Naomi only, and she was blind and could not see what they saw. With helpless hands she held to their hands and hurried home, over the darkening fields, through the palpitating sheets of dazzling light, leading on, yet seeing nothing.

But Israel saw Naomi's shame. The blindness which was a sense of humiliation to her became a sense of burning wrong to him. He had asked God to give her speech, and had promised to be satisfied. "Give her speech, O Lord," he had cried, "speech that shall lift her above the creatures of the field, speech whereby alone she may ask and know." But what was speech without sight to her who had always been blind? What was all the world to one who had never seen it? Only as Paradise is to Man, who can but idly dream of its glories.

Israel took back his prayer. There were things to know that words could never tell. Now was Naomi blind for the first time, being no longer dumb. "Give her sight, O Lord," he cried, "open her eyes that she may see; let her look on Thy beautiful world and know it! Then shall her life be safe, and her heart be happy, and her soul be Thine, and Thy servant at last be satisfied!"

CHAPTER XVII.

OF ISRAEL'S GREAT RESOLVE.

Now it was six-and-twenty days since the night of the meeting on the Sôk, and no rain had yet fallen. The eggs of the locust might be hatched at any time. Then the wingless creatures would rise on the face of the earth like snow, and the poor lean stalks of wheat and barley that were coming green out of the ground would fall like chaff before them. The country people were in despair. They were all but stripped of their cattle; they had no milk; and they came afoot to the market. Death seemed to look them in the face. Neither in the mosques nor the synagogues did they offer petitions to God for rain. They had long ceased their prayers. Only in the feddan at the mouths of their tents did they lift up their heavy eyes to the hot haze of the pitiless sky and mutter, "It is written!"

Israel was busy with other matters. During these six-and-twenty days he had been asking himself what it was right and lawful that he should do. He had concluded at length that it was his duty to give up the office he held under the Kaid. No longer could he serve two masters. Too long had he held to the one, thinking that by recompense or restitution, by fair dealing and even justice, he might atone to the other. Reckless was a mockery of the sufferings which had led to death; restitution was no longer possible—his own purse being empty—without robbery of the treasury of his master; fair dealing and even justice were a vain hope in Barbary, where every man who held office, from the heartless Sultan in his harem to the pert mohtasseb in the market, must be only as a human torture-jellab, made and designed to squeeze the life-blood out of the man beneath him. To endure any longer the taunts and laughter of Benaboo was impossible, and to resist the covetous importunities of his Spanish woman, Katharine, was a waste of shame and spirit. Besides, and above all, Israel remembered that God had given him grace in the sacrifices which he had made already. Twice had God rewarded him, in the mercy He had shown to Naomi, for putting by the pomp and circumstance of the world. Would His great hand be idle now—now when he most needed its mighty and wondrous and miraculous power—when Naomi, being conscious of her blindness, was mourning and crying for sweet sight of the world, and he himself was about to put under his feet the last of his possessions that separated him from other men—his office that he wrought for in the early days with sweat of brow and blood, and held on to in the later ones through evil report and hatred, that he might conquer the fate that had first beaten him down!

Israel was in the way of bribing God again, forgetting, in the heat of his desire, the shame of his journey to Shawan. He made his preparations, and they were few. His money was gone already, and so were his dead wife's jewels. He had concluded that he would keep his house, if only as a shelter to Naomi (for he owed something to her material comfort as well

as her spiritual welfare), but that its furniture and belongings were more luxurious than their necessity would require in the altered state allow. So he sold to a Jewish merchant in the Mellah the couches and great chairs which he had bought out of England, as well as the carpets from Rabat, the silken hangings from Fez, and the purple canopies from Morocco city. When these were gone, and nothing remained but the simple rugs and mattresses which are all that the house of a poor man needs in that land where the skies are kind, he called his servants to him as he sat in the patio—Ali as well as the two bondwomen—for he had decided that he must part with them also, and they must go their ways.

"My good people," he said, "you have been true and faithful servants to me this many a year—you, Fatima, and you also, Habeebah, since before the days when my wife came to me—and you too, Ali, my lad, since you grew to be big and helpful. Little I thought to part with you until my good time should come, and you should bury me at last with the true soul that waits for me in the mearrah beyond the walls. But my life in our poor Barbary is over already, and to-morrow I shall be less than the least of all men in Tetuan. For I am poor that once was rich; the days are gone when I could expect to be served, and now in my age I must think of serving; I can no longer pay wages, and must only look to earning them. So this, my people, is what I have concluded to do. You, Fatima, and you, Habeebah, being given to me as bondwomen by the Kaid in the old days when my power, which now is little and of no moment, was great and necessary—you belong to me. Well, I give you your liberty. Your papers are in the name of Benaboo, and I have sealed them with his seal—that is the last use but one that I shall put it to. Here they are, both of them. Take them to the Kadi after prayers in the morning, and he will ratify your title. Then you will be free women for ever after; so go your ways, and a path of peace be to you."

The black women had more than once broken in upon Israel's words with exclamations of surprise and consternation. "Allah!" "Bismillah!" "Holy Saints!" "By the beard of the Prophet!" And when at length he gave them the deeds of emancipation into their hands and bade them farewell, they fell into loud fits of hysterical weeping.

"As for you, Ali, my son," Israel continued, "I cannot give you your freedom, for you are a freeman born. But what poor gift I still can give you, you shall have it with my heart—my right hand and blessing. You have been the same as a son to me these fourteen years. And since God had sent me no son of my own, I had hoped to keep you by my side, thinking to rest my old head at last on your young shoulder. But it was not to be, so we must needs part now, as well for your sake as for mine. I have a task for you first—a perilous task, a solemn duty—and when it is done I shall see you no more. My brave boy, you will go far, but I do not fear for you. When you are gone I shall think of you, and if you should sometimes think of your old master who could not keep you, we may not always be apart."

The lad had listened to these words in blank bewilderment. That strange disasters had of late befallen their household was an idea that had forced itself upon his unwilling mind. But that Israel, the greatest, noblest, mightiest man in the world—let the dogs of rasping Jews and the scurvy hounds of Moors yelp and bark as they would—should fall to be less than the least in Tetuan, and, having fallen, that he should send him away—him, Ali, his boy whom he had brought up, Naomi's old playfellow—Allah! Allah! in the name of the merciful God, what did his master mean?

Ali's big eyes began to fill, and great beads rolled down his black cheeks. Then, recovering his speech, he blurted out that he would not go. He would follow his father and serve him until the end of his life. What did he want with wages? Who asked for any? No going his ways for him! A pretty thing, wasn't it, that he should go off, and never see his father again, no, nor Naomi—Naomi—that—that—but God would show!

And, following Ali's lead, Fatima stepped up to Israel and offered her paper back. "Take it," she said, "I don't want any liberty. I've got liberty enough as I am. And here—here," fumbling in her waistband and bringing out a knitted purse, "I would have offered it before, only I thought shame. My wages? Yes. You've paid us wages these nine years, haven't you, and what right had we to any, being slaves? You will not take it, my Lord? Well, then, my Kaid, my Sultan, my Emperor, my dear master, if I must go, if I must leave you, take my papers and sell me to someone. I shall not care, and you have a right to do it. Perhaps I'll get another good master—who knows?"

Her brows had been knitted, and she had tried to look stern and angry, but suddenly her cheeks were a flood of tears.

"I'm a fool!" she cried. "I'll never get a good master again; but if I get a bad one, and he beats me, I'll not mind, for I'll think of you, and my precious jewel of gold and silver, my pretty poppet, Naomi—Allah preserve her!—that you took my money, and I'm bearing it for both of you, as we might say—working for you—night and day—night and day!"

Israel could endure no more. He rose up and fled out of the patio into his own room, to bury his swimming face. But his soul was big and triumphant. Let the world call him by what names it would—tyrant, traitor, outcast, pariah—there were simple hearts that loved and honoured him—ay, honoured him—and they were the hearts that knew him best.

The perilous task reserved for Ali was to go to Shawan and liberate the followers of Absalam, who, less happy than their leader, whose strong soul was at rest, were still in prison without abatement of the miseries they lay under. He was to do this by power of a warrant addressed to the Kaid of Shawan, and drawn under the seal of the Kaid of Tetuan. Israel had drawn it, and sealed it also, without the knowledge or sanction of Benaboo: for, knowing what manner of man Benaboo was, that no cry of the sufferings of many would avail to move him if it were set against the beauty of one woman's face; and knowing Katharine also, and the sway she held over him, and that she was of a nature treacherous and without pity; and thinking it useless to attempt to move either to mercy, he had determined to make this last use of his office, at all risks and hazards. Benaboo might never hear that the people were at large, for Ali was to forbid them to return to Tetuan, and Shawan was sixty heavy miles away. And if he ever did, Israel himself would be there to bear the brunt of his displeasure, but Ali, the instrument of his design, must be far away. For when the gates of the prison had been opened, and the prisoners had gone free, Ali was neither to come back to Tetuan nor to remain in Morocco, but, with the money that Israel gave him out of the last wreck of his fortune, he was to make haste to Gibraltar by way of Ceuta, and not to consider his life safe until he had set foot in England.

"England!" cried Ali. "They are all white men there." "White-hearted men, my lad," said Israel, "and a Jewish man may find rest for the sole of his foot among them."

That same day the poor black boy bade farewell to Israel and to Naomi. He was leaving them for ever, and he was broken-hearted. Israel was his father, Naomi was his sister,

and never again should he set his eyes on either. But in the pride of his perilous mission he bore himself bravely.

"Well, good-night," he said, taking Naomi's hand, but not looking into her blind face.

"Good-night, she answered, and then, after a moment, she flung her arms about his neck and kissed him. He laughed lightly and turned to Israel.

"Good-night, father," he said, in a shrill voice.

"A safe journey to you, my son," said Israel, "and may you do all my errands."

"God burn my great-grandfather if I don't!" said Ali, stoutly.

But with that word of his country his brave bearing at length broke down, and drawing Israel aside, that Naomi might not hear, he whispered, sobbing and stammering, "When—when I am gone, don't, don't—tell her that I was black."

Then in an instant he fled away.

"Adieu!" cried Israel, after him; "adieu! my brave boy, simple, noble, loyal heart!"

Next morning Israel, leaving Naomi at home, set off for the Kasba, that he might carry out his great resolve to give up the office he held under the Kaid. And as he passed through the streets his head was held up, and he walked proudly. A great burden had fallen from him, and his spirit was light. The people bent their heads before him as he passed them, and scowled at him when he was gone by. The beggars lying at the gate of the Grand Mosque spat over their fingers at his back, and muttered, "Bismillah!" "In the name of God!" A negro farrier in the feddan, who was bent double over a hoof as he was shoeing a bony and scabby mule, lifted his ugly face, bathed in sweat, and grinned at Israel as he went along. A group of Riffians, dirty and lean and hollow-eyed, feeding their gaunt camels, and glancing anxiously at the sky over the heads of the mountains, snarled like dogs as he strode through their midst. The sky was overcast, and the heads of the mountains were capped with mist. "Bálik!" sounded in Israel's ears from every side. "Arrah!" came constantly at his heels. What matter? He could not be wroth with the poor people. Six-and-twenty years he had gone in and out among them as a slave. This morning he was a free man, and to-morrow he would be one of themselves.

When he reached the Kasba, there was something in the air about it that brought back recollections of the day—now nearly four years past—of the children's gathering at Katharine's festival. The lusty-lunged Arabs squatting at the gates among soldiers in white sou'wams and peaked tarbooshes, the women in blankets standing in the outer court, the dark passages smelling of damp, the gusts of heavy odour coming from the inner chambers, and the great patio of the fountain and fig-trees—the same voluptuous air was over everything. And as on that day so on this, in the alcove under the horse-shoe arch, beneath ceilings hung with stalactites, against walls covered with silken hafties, on Rabat rugs of crimson colour sat Benaboo and his Spanish wife. Time had dealt with them after their kind, and the swarthy face of the Kaid was grosser, the short curls under his turban were more grey, and his hazel eyes were more streaked and bleared, but otherwise he was the same man as before; and Katharine also, save for the loss of some teeth of the upper row, was the same woman. And if the children had risen up before Israel's eyes as he stood on the threshold of the patio, he could not have drawn his breath with more surprise than at the sight of the man who stood that morning in their place.

It was Mohammed of Mequinez. He had come to ask for the release of the followers of Absalam from their prison at Shawan. In defiance of courtesy, his slippers were on his feet. He was clad in a piece of unfanned camel-skin, which reached to his knees and was belted about his waist. His head, which was bare to the sun and drooped by nature like a flower, was held proudly up, and his wild eyes were flashing. He was not supplicating for the deliverance of the people, but demanding it, and taxing Benaboo as a tyrant to his throat.

"Give me them up, Benaboo," he was saying, as Israel came to the threshold, "or, if they die in their prison, one thing I promise you."

"And pray what is that?" said Benaboo.

"That there will be a bloody inquiry after their murderer."

Benaboo's brows were knitted, but he only glanced at Katharine, and made pretence to laugh, and then said, "And pray, my Lord, who shall the murderer be?"

Then Mohammed of Mequinez stretched out his hand and answered, "Yourself."

At that word there was silence for a moment, while Benaboo shifted in his seat, and Katharine quivered beside him.

Benaboo glanced up at Mohammed. He was Kaid, he was Basha, he was master of all men within a radius of thirty miles, but he was afraid of this man whom the people called a prophet. And partly out of this fear, and partly because he had more regard to Mohammed's courageous behaviour in thus bearding him in his Kasba and by the walls of his dungeons than to the anger his hot word had caused him, Benaboo would have promised him at that moment that the prisoners at Shawan should be released.

But suddenly Katharine remembered that she also had cause of indignation against this man, for it had been rumoured of late that Mohammed had openly denounced her marriage.

"Wait, my Lord," she said. "Is not this the fellow that has gone up and down your Bashalic, crying out on our marriage that it was against the law of Mohammed?"

At that Benaboo saw clearly that there was no escape for him, so he made pretence to laugh again, and said: "Allah! so it is! Mohammed the Third, eh? Bismillah! Bismillah! Son of Mequinez, God will repay you! Thanks! Thanks! You could never think how long I've waited that I might look face to face upon the prophet that has denounced a Kaid."

He uttered these big words between bursts of derisive laughter, but Mohammed struck the laughter from his lips in an instant. "Wait no longer, O Benaboo," he cried, "but look upon him now, and know that what you have done is an unclean thing, and you shall be childless and die!"

Then Benaboo's passion mastered him. He rose to his feet in his anger, and cried: "Prophet, you have destroyed yourself. Listen to me, Sir! The turbulent dogs you plead for shall lie in their prison until they perish of hunger and rot of their sores. By the beard of my father, I swear it!"

Mohammed did not flinch. Throwing back his head, he answered: "If I am a prophet, O Benaboo, hear me prophesy. Before that which you say shall come to pass, both you and your father's house will be destroyed. Never yet did a tyrant go happily out of the world, and you shall go out of it like a dog."

Then Katharine rose to her feet as well, and, calling to a group of barefooted Arab soldiers that stood near, she cried:

"Take him! Don't let him escape!"

But the soldiers did not move, and Benaboo fell back on to his seat, and Mohammed, fearing nothing, spoke again.

"In a vision of last night I saw you, O Benaboo, and for

the contempt you had cast upon our holy laws, and for the destruction you had wrought on our poor people, the sword of vengeance had fallen upon you. And within this very court, and on that very spot where your feet now rest, your whole body did lie; and that woman beside you lay over you wailing, and your blood was on her face and on her hands; and only she was with you, for all else had forsaken you—all save one, and that was your enemy, and he had come to see you with his eyes, and to rejoice over you with his heart, because you were fallen and dead."

Then, in the creeping of his terror, Benaboo rose up again and reeled backward, and his eyes were fixed steadfastly downward at his feet where the eyes of Mohammed had rested. It was almost as if he saw the awful thing of which Mohammed had spoken, so strong was the power of the vision upon him.

But, recovering himself quickly, he cried: "Away! Bismillah! Bismillah!"

"I will go," said Mohammed; "and beware what you do while I am gone."

"Do you threaten me?" cried Benaboo. "Will you go to the Sultan? Will you appeal to Abderrahman?"

"No, Benaboo; but to God."

So saying Mohammed of Mequinez strode out of the place, for no man hindered him. Then Benaboo sank back on to his seat as one that was speechless, and nothing had the crimson on his body availed him, or the gold on his fingers, or the silver on his breast, against that simple man in camel-skin, who owned nothing, and asked nothing, and feared neither Kaid nor King.

When Benaboo had regained himself, he saw Israel standing at the doorway, and he beckoned to him with the downward motion which is the Moorish manner. And rising on his quaking limbs he took him aside, and said, "I know this fellow. Allah! Allah! For all his vaunts and visions he has gone to Abderrahman. God will show! God will show! I dare not take him! Abderrahman uses him to spy and pry on his Bashas! Camel-skin coat? Allah! a fine disguise! Bismillah! Bismillah!"

Then, looking back at the place where Mohammed in the vision saw his body lie outstretched, he dropped his voice to a whisper, and said, "Listen! You have my seal?"

Israel, without a word, put his hand into the pocket of his waistband and drew out the seal of Benaboo.

"Right! Now hear me, in the name of the merciful God. Do not liberate these dogs at Shawan, and do not give them so much as bread to eat or water to drink, but let such as own them feed them. And if ever the thing of which that fellow has spoken should come to pass—do you hear?—in the hour wherein it befalls—Allah preserve me!—in that hour draw a warrant on the Kaid of Shawan and seal it with my seal—are you listening?—a warrant to put every man, woman, and child to the sword. Allah! Allah! We will deal with these spies of Abderrahman! So shall there be mourning at my burial—Holy Saints! Holy Saints!—mourning, I say, among them that look for joy at my death."

Thus in a quaking voice, sometimes whispering, and again breaking into loud exclamations, Benaboo in his terror poured his broken words into Israel's ear.

Israel made no answer. His eyes had become dim—he scarcely saw the walls of the place wherein they stood. His ears had become dense—he scarcely heard the voice of Benaboo though the Kaid's hot breath was beating upon his cheek. But through the haze he saw the shadow of one figure tramping furiously to and fro, and through the thick air the voice of another figure came muffled and harsh. For Katharine, having chased with smiles the evil looks of Benaboo, had turned to Israel and was saying—

"What is this I hear of your beautiful daughter—this Naomi of yours—that she has recovered her speech and hearing! When did that happen, pray? No answer? Ah, I see, you are tired of the deception. You kept it up well between you. But is she still blind? So? Dear me! Blind, poor child. Think of it!"

Israel neither answered nor looked up, but stood motionless on the same place, holding the seal in his hand. And Benaboo, in his restless tramping up and down, came to him again, and said, "Why are you a Jew, Israel ben Olliel? The dogs of your people hate you. Witness to the Prophet! Turn Moslem, man—what's to hinder you?"

Still Israel made no reply. But Benaboo continued, "Listen! The people about me are in the pay of the Sultan, and after all you are the best servant I have ever had. Say the Kalma, and I'll make you my Kalifa. Do you hear—my Kalifa, with power equal to my own. Man, why don't you speak? Are you grown stupid of late as well as weak and womanish?"

Then Israel spoke, and a strange thing happened.

(To be continued.)

At the election for Cambridge University in 1882, when the late Mr. Raikes defeated Professor Stuart, Mr. J. K. Stephen, now better known as "J. K. S.", contributed an election squib not very flattering to the Conservative member, and in which he was taunted with obtaining "a very decent second-class." Since Mr. Raikes's death, Mr. Stephen has sent the following "In Memoriam" lines to the *Globe* newspaper—

No need upon your honoured tomb

The words *de mortuis* to write:

For while we mourn your early doom,

Your merits strike on all men's sight.

The qualities you chanced to want,

How unimportant they appear:

Whatever fortune did not grant,

The greatest gift of all was there.

You never deigned by any shift

Your share of daily toil to shirk:

You had the grand essential gift,

Capacity for honest work.

By work you lived: by work you died:

And earned a name, if any can,

That's almost always misapplied—

An honest English working man.

And I who dared in boyhood's day

To write—in riper years to print—

A somewhat disrespectful lay

(Though there was naught of malice in it)—

Should like to say I'm not the last

To recognise your sterling worth:

Forgive my strictures of the past,

The overflow of harmless mirth.

THE REVOLUTION IN CHILE.



THE HOUSES OF CONGRESS AT SANTIAGO.



PROCESSION OF CORPUS CHRISTI AT SANTIAGO.



RAILWAY BRIDGE BETWEEN SANTIAGO AND VALPARAISO.

THE REVOLUTION IN CHILE.



SOME ENGLISH RESIDENTS IN CHILE.



CHILIAN RIDING COSTUME.



THE BEACH AT VIÑA DEL MAR, NEAR VALPARAISO.

LITERATURE.

MR. KIPLING'S LAST.
BY H. D. TRAILL.

It is a comfort to find that Mr. Rudyard Kipling's latest book is no new concession to that singular school of critics whose mode—often quite an innocent and well-meaning mode—of showing their gratitude to a writer for excellent work in one literary genre is to implore him to try another. Really one would think that art was a kind of jugglery, in which the thing done is in itself nothing, and the skill of the performer, under as many difficulties as he can invent for himself, everything. "You catch three balls to perfection; now try four. You will find that much more difficult. If you succeed at the first or even second attempt (which is highly improbable) we shall rejoice in the discovery that we possess one of the most wonderful jugglers that ever lived. If you don't, it will be almost as interesting to watch your failures." This does not in terms, of course, exactly symbolise the advice so freely tendered to Mr. Kipling by the critics above mentioned, but it pretty accurately reflects its spirit. Mr. Kipling has displayed remarkable gifts, and won well-deserved fame, as a writer of short stories; and these perverse admirers of his have ever since been pestering him to try his hand at a long one. Why? Is it owing, as I have suggested, to the conception of the artist as juggler or performing dog, who, as soon as he has thoroughly mastered one trick, owes it to his reputation to learn another and more difficult one as soon as possible? Or is it seriously assumed that the value of a good work of art from a good artist must necessarily vary as its size? Do these counsellors of Mr. Kipling really pass their time in vainly lamenting that Meissonier didn't paint "1814" on a canvas twelve foot by six?

But whatever the motive of the advice, one is glad to see that Mr. Kipling's new volume is not a following of it. He has not, as we know, turned an altogether deaf ear to it. He has written one long story, whereby, as might naturally be expected from the novelty of the attempt, he did not add to his reputation; and, before filling any more twelve-foot-by-six canvases, he has invited us to view another gallery of those small but highly finished pictures with which he first won our admiration. There are twenty-seven of these in "Life's Handicap"—the name of the collection is a little mysterious—of which some six or seven are recognisable as republications from the magazines, while the rest are offered for the first time, so far as I am aware, to the author's large and enthusiastic public. It would sound ungracious to say that "the old is better," and it would, in fact, be too sweeping a proposition; seeing that among the new are three such pieces as "Moti Guj—Mutineer," "The City of Dreadful Night," and, in a different style, the "Return of Imray." I only do not add that admirable combination of the humorous, adventurous, and picturesque, the "Incarnation of Krishna Mulooney," because I am not sure as to whether its proper place is among the new or the old. Still, among the latter are stories that Mr. Kipling has never beaten, such as "On Greenhow Hill," and that earliest notice to us that a new master of the everlastingly popular art of story-telling had arisen, the "Head of the District"—a story which some still hold to be, apart from its narrative merits, an achievement of dramatic character-drawing unequalled by anything that the artist has accomplished since; and in these and the "Courting of Dinah Shadd" and the "Limitations of Pambé Serang" Mr. Kipling is, undoubtedly, his own very formidable rival. So, too, is he in "Without Benefit of Clergy"—a fine and moving story, which, however, one could have wished renamed, since it is provoking to think how much this popular writer may do to spread more widely the already widespread delusion that "without benefit of clergy" means "without the offices of the Church."

That the new stories are of unequal merit is a critical observation on which it would not be reasonable to insist. It is natural that they should compare unfavourably in this respect with the old, which are, of course, "picked." A more legitimate point of remark is that they show signs of their author having yielded to that temptation which is the penalty of rapid and brilliant success in any branch of art—the temptation to exaggerate manner into mannerism. Mr. Kipling is a realist; and, being a realist, he of course holds himself bound on all occasions to "behave as such." Now, realism, considered as the art of representing "things as they are," ought diligently to be sought and ensued of all delineators of life; but those critics who too loudly vaunt their devotion to it would do well to remember this—that there is no considerable class of writers, not being professed makers of fairy-tales and the like, who deliberately aim at representing "things as they are not," and that, therefore, it does not follow that whenever the account given of matters by a writer making no special boast of his realism happens to differ from that of a professed realist, the former is the false account of matters, and the latter the true one. It merely shows either that the "things as they are" present themselves in a different aspect to the two men, or that, inasmuch as no man could possibly describe the totality of things presenting themselves to his vision, the difference of impression produced by the two accounts is due to a difference in the selection of the things to be described. There are few writers who have more firmly grasped the great truth that the beginning and end of all art, realistic or other, is "selection" than Mr. Kipling. The danger for him, as an artist who has been so plentifully praised for his "stern and uncompromising realism" is that he should begin to select amiss; that he should look too exclusively for, and give too much prominence to, those facts of life which enable him to show how "stern and uncompromising" a realist he can be. He has not altogether

escaped that danger in the present volume. In the lighter pieces—such as the altogether excellent sketch of the elephant Moti Guj and his drunken mahout—it does not beset him; and in others, as in the striking picture of the sleeping, or rather the restless, city of Lahore, where the temptation to exaggerate must have been strong, he has successfully resisted it. But this tendency has, to my thinking, spoilt the story called "At the End of the Passage," by the air of unreal gloom which it has induced him to throw over the whole, and, in more than one other piece, it has here and there unduly deepened the shadow, to the detriment of the picture. I hope it is neither premature nor too late to beg him to be on his guard against it.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Mr. Walter Scott announces a "Life of Cervantes," by Henry Edward Watts, as the next volume of his *Great Writers Series*. To some of those who have expended five guineas on Mr. Watts's translation of "Don Quixote" (Bernard Quaritch) this will be not a little exasperating, perhaps. We did not buy Mr. Watts's translation, they will say, on its own merits. We were quite content with Mr. Ormsby's version, praised of Mr. Froude, Mr. Saintsbury, and others. We bought Mr. Watts's solely for the biography—the only satisfactory English biography. And now we find that it is to be purchaseable for a shilling. But Cervantes has not a large army of followers in this country, I think. There were only two hundred and fifty copies of Mr. Watts's "Don Quixote" printed, and they are still easily obtainable at the published price. Mr. Ormsby's translation, again—four handsome volumes which every reader of "Don Quixote" should be proud to possess—has fallen to the indignity of a "remainder," and may be purchased in Booksellers' Row for one-third of its original price. It must be not a little distressing to Mr. Ormsby and Mr. Watts that, while there is apparently no demand for their translations of "Don Quixote," every schoolboy is made familiar with the book in one or other form of Motteaux's translation—Motteaux, whom Mr. Ormsby describes as "worthless as failing to represent, worse than worthless

Miss Mary E. Wilkins has been devoting herself to the study of Salem witchcraft. On this subject she has already written a play and proposes a novel.

While interesting for their own sakes, the "Daphne and other Poems" of Mr. Frederick Tennyson (Macmillan and Co.) will have a still more intimate appeal for the lovers of our modern Horace, that Edward FitzGerald who took Persian Omar's silver and gave it back to us as gold, content in his "suburb grange" to watch his roses grow and let the world go by. Those who know those charming letters of his, over which Mr. Aldis Wright got into such hot water with Browning, will remember how he was continually urging his friend Frederick Tennyson to publish. He didn't quite say so, but certainly he gave one the impression that in his secret heart he thought Frederick's poetry better than that of his more famous brother's. He was just the man to hold such a view, for he seemed always to take the unpopular side. One of the few men who have avowed a preference for the second part of "Faust," he also affected the second part of "Don Quixote," and was, on the other hand, never tired of reiterating that Lord Tennyson's early work was his best. Of "The Princess" he could not say a good word, at least until the lyrics were interspersed within it; and, indeed, there was hardly any of the Laureate's maturer work that pleased him. Seeing his almost fanatical worship of Crabbe, this was not, perhaps, surprising. Despite his ardent wish, it has only been since his death that his friend's poetry has seen the light of day. Quite recently Mr. Frederick Tennyson published "The Isles of Greece," and now comes his "Daphne, and other Poems." It is impossible, as one holds the godly volumes, not to feel a pang that FitzGerald never lived to see his desire so completely fulfilled.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS TO HAND.—"Scottish Minor Poets," edited by Sir George Douglas, *Canterbury Poets* (Walter Scott); "Handbook of Swindling," by Douglas Jerrold, *Camelot Series* (Walter Scott); "Balladen und Romanzen," edited by C. A. Buchheim, *Golden Treasury Series* (Macmillan); Bacon's Essays, edited by W. Aldis Wright, cheap reissue of *Golden Treasury Series* (Macmillan); "Holidays with the Camera," by many authors (Hazel, Watson, and Viney); "The Round Tower of Babel," by Edward Downey (Ward and Downey); "Scarborough and Scarborough Spa," by Francis Goodricke (Simpkin and Marshall); "The Jubilee of Penny Postage, 1840-1890" (Jubilee Celebration Office, General Post Office); "Thirty-eighth Report of the Department of Science and Art" (Eyre and Spottiswoode); "Ruling the Planets," by Mina E. Burton, 3 vols. (Bentley); "The Great Gold Lands of South Africa," by Ronald Smith (Ward and Lock); "The Way About Surrey" (Iliffe and Son).

TALE OF A RUNAWAY WIFE.

Bonnie Kate. By Mrs. Leith Adams. Three vols. (Kegan Paul and Co.)—The favourite pathetic theme just now is a sensitive young woman fancying herself in a wrong position, and running away from her friends, to their great distress, till she is drawn from a hiding-place by the accidental discovery of some fact that ought to have been known several months before. *Kate Granger*, whose maiden name was *Sinclair*, is the "bonnie" heroine of this story. We should be happy to esteem her an amiable sensible, conscientious, generous

person, and to commend her as a dutiful wife; but her actual conduct, as here related, seems to us deserving of blame. In the first place, having married in London a rising barrister, who is a gentleman of refined manners, of the best principles, habits, and tastes, as well as a devoted husband, she takes offence because he had omitted to tell her that his family at Low Cross, in the Yorkshire dales, were of simple rustic breeding. Even after becoming acquainted with their honest worth, and appreciating the virtues of his father and mother and sisters, this peevish lady cannot forgive John Granger for what she resents as a kind of deception, but which on his part was merely an injudicious piece of reserve. Her conversations with his mother, a bedridden victim of lifelong disease, one of the purest and sweetest souls, proving the harmony of the divine spirit with that of human domestic love, ought to have taught young Mrs. Granger a more correct estimate of her moral obligations. But soon after returning to their London home, on the arrival of his "Aunt Libbie" as a visitor—a malicious, unscrupulous, altogether mischievous old maid, who is *Kate's* relentless enemy, and exerts a baneful influence over her nephew—the feeling of discord or failure in married life grows more intense. In this case, however, we should have thought a right-minded and high-spirited wife could easily have sent Aunt Libbie back to Yorkshire, and brought her husband to a satisfactory mutual explanation of their sentiments, being, as they both were, constant in their affection for each other. "*Bonnie Kate*," as a modern romantic heroine, chooses the wild and wayward course of eloping—not with a lover, in the scandalous way, but with the demon of pride or spite, we take it, as bad as that of wantonness—and so leaving John Granger to suffer agonies of grief for his loss, and dread for her unknown fate. The necessity of providing scenes of adventure for a novel is thus complied with, and this young lady is next found, starving, wet, cold, and half dead, lying on the grass near an old mansion in Ireland. It is the abode of two benevolent Quakers—Faith and Prudence—who kindly take care of *Bonnie Kate* until she prematurely gives birth to a puny babe, while her husband in London falls ill and is like to die. There is eventual recovery, restoration, and reconciliation, to be sure; but all this trouble might well have been spared. In secondary characters and incidents, the story has much to please and interest the generality of readers.



THE LATE MR. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL IN HIS STUDY.

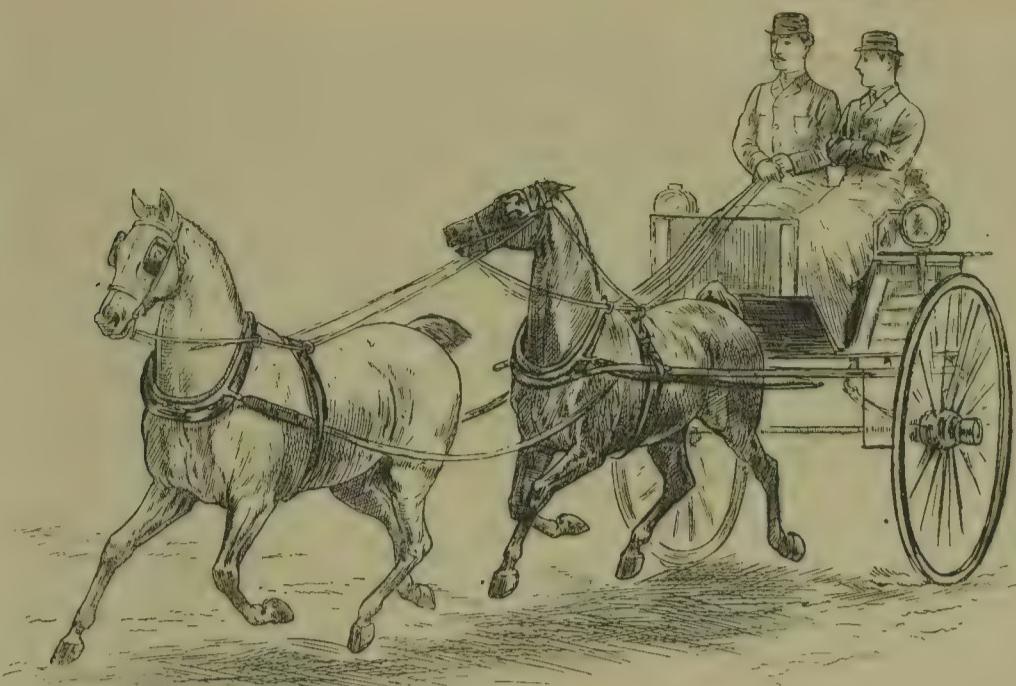
in misrepresenting." "Of all the English versions," says Mr. Watts, "Motteaux" is the one most remote from the spirit and genius of Cervantes."

I see that Mr. David Stott is about to publish a cheap edition of Shelton's "Don Quixote," edited by Mr. Justin H. McCarthy. The book is wanted. "Shelton," says Mr. Ormsby, "had the inestimable advantage of belonging to the same generation as Cervantes; 'Don Quixote' had to him a vitality that only a contemporary could feel." Mr. Lowell, it may be mentioned, had more than once contemplated editing Shelton, but was deterred by the formidable revision which he deemed necessary.

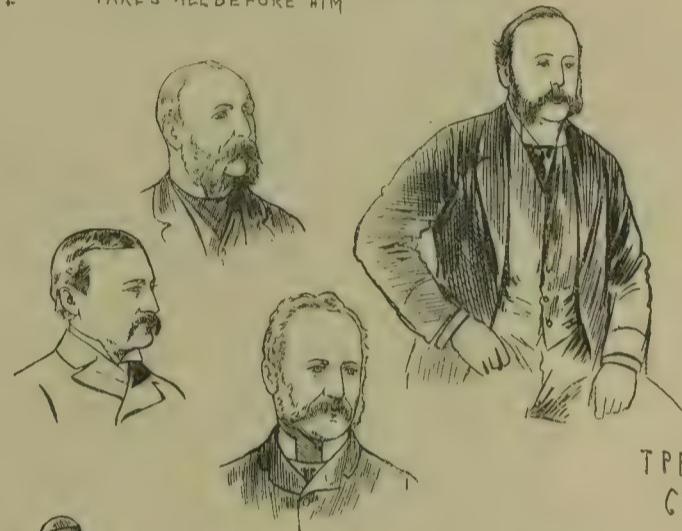
His friends in England and America unite in congratulating Dr. O. W. Holmes on attaining his eighty-second birthday. The Autocrat was born in 1809—the same year as Lord Tennyson and Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Lowell, by the way, wrote birthday odes to Whittier and Holmes on their seventieth birthdays.

Mr. Thurston, of Boston, Massachusetts, sends me a photograph of Mr. Lowell in his study, which he claims to be the very latest portrait of the poet.

By far the best and fullest article on Lowell is to be found where we should naturally look for it—in the columns of the *New York Nation*. To that admirable journal Mr. Lowell was, if not a frequent contributor, at least a steady friend. We learn from it that Lowell was rather irregular as a student, and was suspended on the eve of graduation for a boyish escapade. His first wife, Maria White, had great fervour and strength of nature; he and she were among the first readers of Tennyson's earliest volumes; and, as they considered their courtship too sacred a thing not to be spoken of, the love-letters of the young people were freely shown from hand to hand. There was a certain constitutional indolence about Lowell which prevented his complete success as a professor: he would come into the lecture-room yawning, and talk cynically. But he was always personally popular. His second wife, Miss Frances Dunlap, had been his daughter's governess.



DRUID AND
VENTRiloquist
WIN THE TANDEM competition
(CLASS 38)



T P BUTLER ESQ
CHAIRMAN





INDIAN JUGGLERS: "A PLANT."

ON THE EVE OF THE "FIRST."

There is great trouble on a small shooting estate before the partridge season begins. The cares of the gamekeeper multiply, and every hour which leads him nearer to the fateful First of September sees him a sadder and a wearier man. The thing that he desires above all others for his carefully tended nurseries is quiet, and quiet is not so easy to get. Before the harvest began, the place was a very paradise for the young pheasants, with the fresh plumage just sprouting round their necks, and the first touch of wildness in their ways. They could hide all day in the corn, and pick and choose between the delicious shelters in the long brakes in the plantain—which this year will top the head of the tallest man—and in the rows of barley and oats, which show in great patches the marks of the rabbits' teeth! But now things are very different. The long sweep of the scythe has laid the last swathes of the barley, and the last rabbit lying *perdit* in the rows, with heaving sides, and ears laid close to his back, has made his bolt for life and liberty, to end it in the harvestman's oven. Save in the potatoes and the turnips, the fields now offer very little cover; and even by the margin of the little woods which the pheasants most love, the sheep on the lawn-like meadow have cropped the low branches of the laden trees, frightening the birds, and letting great gaps of light in on the privacy of their retreat. The hens, too, allow themselves great liberties. They wander far, and trouble the young birds not a little. The gamekeeper loves them not, any more than he loves the goshawk that goes wheeling round his favourite bit of woodland, the jay that darts across the open glade, or the youngster who roves the farm, gun on shoulder, for a pot-shot at the rabbits. A whole noisy and troubled world is in arms against the objects of his care. He is a forward-looking man, too, and he wots of other dangers to come.

He has done well with his pheasants, not so well with his partridges. If the latter are shot off in September, what will become of his beloved young birds, who know his whistle as well as they know their foster-mother's note? Assuredly they will be off to those little belts of woodland on the horizon, whither the owner has been enticing them all the summer with the crafty sowing of their favourite food. If the keeper could tell all his heart, he would vote for a quiet September, and then for some steady shooting when the pheasants are—sad that it should be so!—ripe for slaughter. His last trouble is the poachers. In the next village, three miles away, there are twenty men with guns and dogs. Hitherto they have been sparing in their attentions, and he is in deadly fear lest the now swarming rabbits should bring them his way. Earlier in the season he fought the anti-poaching battle with conspicuous brilliancy and success. The plantations are all set round with a *chevaux-de-frise* of dead bushes, bound to catch and tear the nets, which can only be set on the dark nights when vigilance in velveteens snatches his well-earned rest. It would be too hard if the prize of his six months' labour were snatched from him at the very moment of gathering. All these thoughts bring shades of trouble across his simple face, though they never diminish by one whit the unthinking loyalty of his service. He has one consolation. Last night he dreamt of mustard, and dreaming of mustard is a sure sign that the cat which has been prowling after his young birds will fall his victim on the morrow. So he lays his trap, baits it with rabbit's liver, and sets it round with a cunningly arranged bower of branches, in the full assurance of a capture.

POWELL RIVER CAVERN.
TENNESSEE.

The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky and the cavern of Luray must now share their fame with the subterranean chambers recently explored, for the first time, by white men at least, on the Powell River, near Cumberland Gap, in the State of Tennessee. The Powell River Cavern is indeed unrivalled for its majestic expanse, and the grotesque outline and startling beauty of its stalactites and stalagmites. No such subterranean corridors and chambers have been found elsewhere in America. The limestone formations along the Powell and Clinch Rivers, below the Cumberland mountain range, are dislocated in many directions, and caves are frequent. The mouth of the Powell River Cavern opens above the beautiful stream whose name it bears, at an elevation of several hundred feet. The Pinnacle Rock overlooking Cumberland Gap, through which English capitalists have now constructed a railroad, where a century ago Daniel Boone followed the trail of the bison, is visible from the cave entrance. The smiling valleys in which British enterprise has built the new town of Harrogate and laid out Cumberland Gap Park stretch away to the west. There its projectors expect to see an American Carlsbad, an international sanitarium. One may walk erect into the cavern, along a level corridor, to the "Sentinels," grim stalagmitic formations which rise 30 ft. from floor to roof, seeming to guard the portal. The cavern beyond is much wider; its ceiling is vaguely visible by lantern light, and everywhere gleams the beautiful white limestone, its semi-plastic masses taking all sorts of curious shapes. There is a piece of wall covered by a growth resembling cauliflower. In the "Catacombs" rise snowy pillars, which are startlingly like encrusted mummies; there is the "Corridor of the Inferno," reminding us of Dante's weird creations; in another place stands "Dante's Pillar." We observe also the "petrified waterfall," which seems to be a cataract in stone; the "bamboo forest," and the "Cloister." Farther on, in a great three-cornered chamber, stands what appears to be an enormous "haystack," 30 ft. high. It might be otherwise fancied an ideal beehive made by Brobdingnagian bees out of wax which turned to marble as fast as it was put together. The ceiling rises over it to a height of 50 ft.; and some odd little nooks, like little retiring-rooms, are at the three corners of the chamber. There is a tradition that the Indians at some ancient time, or perhaps their Aztec predecessors, used this chamber for religious worship.

A statue of Joan of Arc has been unveiled in Domremy Church, in the presence of three bishops and 3000 people. At the banquet which followed, an Alsatian priest drank to the French army.

The death is announced as having occurred a few days since, at Nashville, Tennessee, of Mrs. James K. Polk, relict of the tenth President of the United States, whom she had survived no less than forty-two years. Mrs. Polk would have been eighty-eight years of age on Sept. 3. Mr. Polk was elected President in 1845, and died in 1849.

THE SEPTEMBER MAGAZINES.

The *Atlantic Monthly* claims the first place by virtue of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's story "The Disturber of Traffic." It cannot have been easy writing, and certainly it is not easy reading. Whatever else the short story should have, it ought to possess Bishop Philpott's favourite virtue of "absolute pellucidity." And, as a rule, we should not find a glossary essential. Still, Mr. Kipling should not be expected to strike twelve every time. Miss Lillie B. Chace Wyman essays the style of Miss Wilkins in "An Innocent Life," and begins well enough; but she speedily becomes confused and inartistic. Mr. Woodrow Wilson, in a rather sensible paper, insists that "the best way to foster literature, if it may be fostered, is to cultivate the author himself"; or, rather, not to cultivate him, for Mr. Wilson immediately proceeds to advise that the author should be born away from literary centres, or excluded from their ruling set if he be born in them. In the Contributor's Club, which generally contains one or two good things, a writer rescues some felicitous lines of "the pathetic"—people who wrote nothing besides. One poem which turns on the efficacy for good or ill of apparently slight and generally unrecognised influences runs thus—

A spark,
Whose tiny flash has fired the prairie, dies
Unseen amid the glory it has lighted;
Yet after all was nothing but a spark.

And another line with no context is—

Ah, how the years exile us into dreams!

The *Atlantic* has on its staff some of the best names among our American writers, John Burroughs, John Fiske, and Octave Thanet; and the veteran poet T. W. Parsons, who contributed to the earliest numbers of the magazine, sends a graceful little poem.

The most noteworthy thing in *Macmillan* is a mysterious



THE POWELL RIVER CAVE, NEAR CUMBERLAND GAP, TENNESSEE:
"THE HAYSTACK," A STALAGMITIC FORMATION.

announcement on the contents page, "There is no rule in this magazine entitling a contributor to the publication of his signature. This and all kindred matters rest solely in the Editor's discretion." Thereby no doubt hangs a correspondence. *Macmillan* has been distinguished lately by really good and individual short stories over unknown signatures, and it still retains the attractive literary flavour which characterised it from the first. But the September number is a very poor one. "Salome" is crude and ineffective; "The Story of an Oak Tree" simply dull. Bret Harte's new story, "A First Family of Tasajara," is the work of an experienced craftsman, and may develop; as yet it is of a kind which the author has himself made commonplace. There is a rose-coloured sketch of "Fruit-Growing in Florida," from which we learn that civilisation flourishes in the neighbourhood of lemons—a great truth anticipated by Sydney Smith. Orange-trees, it seems, ultimately produce a thousand oranges each. And yet, Florida notwithstanding, our thirsty cousins import every year seven hundred millions of oranges from Europe! In an article against the magnum opus theory, W. P. J. thinks that if Mr. Casaubon had contributed pithy paragraphs to the *Guardian* "he would have been a more profitable writer as well as a better husband." But would he then have been Dorothea's husband?

Longman's boasts an article by Mr. Froude, the first of a short series on "The Spanish Story of the Armada." It is based on a collection of letters and documents brought together by Captain Fernandez Duro, of the Spanish Navy. In Mr. Marion Crawford's new story, "The Three Fates," the hero is a literary gentleman, who has achieved an enormous success. Notwithstanding, he is rejected by a young lady. Whereupon, "For the first moment George's heart stood still. Then it began to beat furiously, though it seemed as though its pulsations had lost the power of propelling the blood from its central seat. He kept his position motionless and outwardly calm, but his dark face grew slowly white, leaving only black circles about his gleaming eyes, and his scornful mouth gradually set itself like stone." But in the next chapter he is welcomed by a young lady, who looked very delicate but was not so in reality, who had a very

exceptionally perfect and graceful figure, well-set grey eyes, and a transparent complexion. This ought to be satisfactory, and we dry our tears. Mr. Lang's cause is good: he is justifiably impatient on the Carlyles. He thinks that "if Mr. Carlyle had been wise enough to keep his books and papers in a remote studio, and to walk thither every morning, he and his wife would have given less handle to the gossip and the biographers." Has Mr. Lang forgotten the noise-proof room? Perhaps no married couple have lived less together than the Carlyles did. But I shall agree with Mr. Lang if he but add to "walk thither every morning" the words "and make a point of never coming home in the evening." Then we should have had harmony.

The best paper in the *Century* is a smartly written description of country newspapers in America by the author of that very clever book "The Story of a Country Town." Mr. Howe is himself a provincial editor. He begins by telling us that plenty of country papers have not made a dollar in twenty years; that country editors quarrel with one another too much; that few of them are comfortably rich or have luxurious homes; and that the editor is seldom a popular man. He has not even the "Hoo-roar, Pott!" which comforted him of Entanswill. All this ceases to be mysterious when it is further explained that the circulation of each country paper is about the same—usually less than a bundle of nine hundred and sixty, rarely fifteen hundred. Two subjects apparently never pall upon American readers—President Lincoln and Siberia—and the *Century* commences with a paper on the latter. The portrait of Thomas Bailey Aldrich is as good as it could be: the writer of the accompanying criticism probably takes him too seriously.

In *Good Words* Mr. Barrie's story, "The Little Minister," grows in interest and power. The schoolmaster tells his secret to the minister: "You are my son." Let the readers of *Good Words* look for one of the greatest scenes of modern fiction in the next chapter. Mrs. Oliphant's "The Marriage of Elinor" is a good magazine story on commonplace lines. The rest of the number is ordinary.

Blackwood enrolls among its contributors Miss Annie S. Swan, who was somewhat descriptively treated in its columns some months ago. The popular novelist writes of "A Country Town." Country towns and short stories are coming into popularity together. The articles generally are good, but not remarkable. Was it worth while to make such haste in writing about Mr. Lowell? The paper winds up with this pathetic sentence: "We may believe that the best of his literary work was done; but he will be sadly missed in literary and social circles."

The best short story of the month, without exception, is "Detected Culprits," in the *Cornhill*. It is quite worthy of Mr. Anstey. But was the schoolmaster as bad as he is painted? How quickly and profoundly he appreciated a good cigar! Mr. Stanley J. Weyman's story, "The New Rector," promises well, but it suggests a comparison it will not bear with "Scenes of Clerical Life." As yet Mr. Weyman has given us no fine character, and in a clerical story there should be one at least. "Advertising in China" is good, and altogether this is an excellent number.

Lippincott depends very much on its complete story, and of late it has not scored any conspicuous success in this way. Still, it is a good magazine, and generally contains several readable articles. "Real People in Fiction" is laboriously put together, but why make Thackeray's friend "Archdeacon"? It is Ardeckne in Mr. Yates's brilliant volume. "Thou and I," by Jeanie Gwynne Bettany, is a pretty poem.

V.

INDIAN JUGGLERS.

Sleight of hand is apt to be an hereditary talent; and the cunning of Hindoo conjurers, if they do not form a recognised caste, is a gift bequeathed, with the secret of many tricks, from generations of vast antiquity, still practising a gainful profession. They fairly earn their popularity with spectators of all classes among an Eastern race which delights in wondering, and which is never prompted by scientific curiosity to find out how things are done. Some of their surprising feats, indeed, have often been imitated, by different means, in the exhibitions to be seen in European cities. That of causing

a plant, or any other unexpected object, to appear on ground from which a basket has been lifted, when it had not been there before the space was covered, is a common sort of performance. We feel morally certain that it was dexterously put there in some manner that the company could not see. In a recent number of this Journal, Dr. Andrew Wilson, the contributor of our "Science Jottings," made some remarks on this trick of the Indian jugglers, as it is described by Chevalier Herrmann, a German professional illusionist. The spectators first see an empty flower-pot; they see earth put into it, with a little water, and a few mango seeds, after which it is covered with a cloth. The juggler then walks several times round the covered pot, "allowing his robes," we are told, "to envelop it at each turn," while his assistants chant a sort of incantation. After three minutes of this mummery, the cloth is removed, and a fine young mango plant, already three feet high, is discovered growing in the pot. Professor Herrmann believed that the conjurer had managed, under cover of his long robes, to get hold of the pot, which rested on a tripod of bamboo sticks, and to stick in the mango plant, which he had carried hidden in his skirts.

On the anniversary of the Prince Consort's birthday (Aug. 27) the Gentlemen of the Household in attendance on the Queen, with the servants and tenants of the Balmoral, Aberfeldie, and Birkhall estates, assembled at the Obelisk at noon, and drank to the memory of his Royal Highness.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, visited Kendal on Aug. 27, and opened an Industrial Exhibition. On behalf of the Mayor and Corporation, an illuminated address, in a silver casket, was presented to the Princess, after which she declared the exhibition open. Her Royal Highness afterwards attended St. George's Hall, where a composition in her honour, entitled "A Song of Praise," by Mr. Arthur Somerville, a local musician, was performed. On the following day the Princess visited Barrow-in-Furness to open a fancy fair in connection with St. George's Church. She was met at the station by the Mayor and Town Council, and the Town Clerk read an address of welcome, to which the Princess briefly replied.

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF ORIENTALISTS.

This congress, which was founded in Paris in 1873, is the ninth of the series, and now meets in England for the second time. Its first visit was paid in 1874, but it left no trace in an annual national congress, which is one of the main objects of its peregrinations from country to country. It is to be hoped that the present gathering will leave behind the nucleus of a perennial British Oriental Congress, for the interests of this Empire require a more constant reminder of its duties to Eastern lands and learning than can be expected from an international gathering once in every fifteen years. Indeed, but for the failure of the last congress, held at Stockholm and Christiania, to fix the place of the next meeting, as required by the statutes, the congress might either never have met again, owing to the disinclination of other countries to emulate the lavish hospitality of Sweden-Norway, or else England would only have had its turn after Madrid, which is next on the list, Geneva, Brussels, Munich, Lisbon, Constantinople, Cairo, Bombay, Washington, and other capitals where there are Orientalists, had been served. In Scandinavia it was "all play and no work"; here it will be "all work and no play," to judge from the fact that nine hours a day have been devoted to work from the 1st to the 10th Sept., interrupted by only one conversazione on the 9th and a banquet on the 10th. The delegates from the various foreign Governments and learned bodies to the congress were received by the Vice-Presidents and Council of the Royal Society of Literature on the evening of Aug. 31. The opening meeting was held at the Inner Temple Hall; selections from the 150 "papers" of which the congress disposes have been read there and at the Examiners' Hall in Chancery Lane and in adjoining rooms, continuing to Thursday, Sept. 10, when diplomas, medals, and other honours are awarded for services to Oriental learning in connection with the Oriental Congress, or otherwise brought to its notice. The programme is a very extensive one. In all Oriental specialties summaries have been written for the first time, so as to bring research in them up to date as starting points for fresh inquiries, and their practical side has



A MAN OF NAGYR.

also not been ignored, as valuable suggestions have been made for the encouragement of Oriental studies in this and other countries, including even countries of the East, where the progress of European thought often leads to the neglect of indigenous culture. The "Relations with Orientals," especially with native Oriental scholars, are to be put on a footing of mutual respect, and "Modern Oriental Linguistics" are to form a part of the education of merchants and others connected with the East. With the view of learning how Oriental art, art-industry, and even literature may be made profitable to England and the East alike, the London Chamber of Commerce and other representatives of the City are to meet the congress. At another meeting the necessity of ethnography to philology, or the study of the customs and associations of a race in connection with the grammar of its language, is to be considered.



DR. G. W. LEITNER, WITH NATIVES OF THE HINDU-KUSH AND CENTRAL ASIA.

This week we deal with Central Asia, Afghanistan, and Dardistan, towards a better knowledge of which Dr. H. W. Bellew, in a magnum opus especially written for the congress, "The Ethnology of Afghanistan," has rendered invaluable service, worthy of his long meritorious official connection with that country and the cause of exploration. Colonel Tanner has given a survey of the land and peoples of the Hindu-kush, which Dr. Leitner first brought to notice in 1866, and regarding which he communicated new and startling linguistic and ethnographical discoveries. By the courtesy of the editor of the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*, the natural organ of an Oriental congress, we have been supplied with some of the photographs that will appear in its October number. The one at the top is a facsimile of a photograph taken ten years ago, and represents, beginning from the extreme left, the standing figure of tall Khudayár, the son of an Akhun or Shah priest of Nagyr, a country ruled by the old and wise Tham or Raja Zafar Ali Khan, whose two sons, Alidád Khan in 1866, and Habib ulla Khan in 1886, instructed Dr. Leitner in the Khajúná language, which is spoken alike in gentle but brave Nagyr and in its hereditary rival country, the impious and savage Hunza "Hun-land," represented by the last figure on the right, Matavalli, whom we portrayed in connection with the Woking mosque some time ago. No. 2 on the left (standing) is an Uzbek visitor from Koláb, one Najmuddin, a poet and theologian. Nos. 3 and 4 are pilgrims from Nagyr to the distant Shah shrine in Syria of the martyrdom of Husain at Kerbelá; between them stands the staunch supporter of Oriental races and learning, Dr. Leitner, the organiser of this year's congress; No. 5 is a Chitrálí soldier, while No. 7, the front sitting figure on the left, is a distinguished Arabic scholar from Gabrial, a peaceful and learned home, now, perhaps, threatened by European civilisation. No. 8 is the Sunni Moulvi Habibulla, a Tájik of Bukhara and a Hakim (physician). No. 9 is Dr. Leitner's old retainer, Ghulám Muhammad, a Shah of Gilgit, a Shin Dard (highest caste),

who was prevented from cutting down his mother, which he was attempting to do in order "to save her the pain of parting from him." 10. Ibrahim Khan, a Shah, Rónó (highest official caste) of Nagyr, pilgrim to Kerbelá. 11. Sultan Ali Yashkun (second Shin caste) Shah, of Nagyr, pilgrim to Kerbelá. The word "Yashkun" is, perhaps, connected with "Yuechi."

The two heads are typical of the natives of Nagyr and Dareyl and are of high anthropological value.

The drawing at the bottom represents the first literary author of his race, our new ally, the Sirdar Nizám-ul-Mulk, the ruler of Yasin, and son of the once dreaded Aman-ul-Mulk, the Shah Kathor of Chitral. The Sirdar's collection of Chitral legends and songs created considerable interest at the congress. In the photograph which we reproduce he is surrounded by a council attended by Maimun Shah, foster-brother of Aman-ul-Mulk on the left, and by Bahadur Shah, son of Aman-ul-Mulk's brother, whilst behind him stand our Indian Agent, Wafadár Khán and a Chitrálí office holder, Wazir Khan, of corresponding rank.

Great interest belongs to the collection of M. Claine, the intrepid Sumatra explorer, who has discovered an indigenous civilisation behind the belt of the anthropomorphic Bataks; the medical manuscripts, in which the microbe theory appears to have been anticipated, and the drawings that seek to represent the living germ of disease from a scarcely perceptible point

to a layer of worms; and to photographs of the remarkable drawings of prehistoric hieroglyphics, men and animals, discovered by Mr. F. Fawcett, at Bellary, in Southern India.

The congress enjoys the patronage of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, who has taken a great interest in its formation, but whose military duties have prevented his being present during the first five days. His Royal and Imperial Highness the Archduke Rainer, a great promoter of Oriental research, who was the protector of the seventh congress, which assembled at Vienna in 1886 under his active guidance, became the second patron on condition that the lead throughout was given to an English prince. The presidency of the congress was accepted by the Lord Chancellor, Lord Halsbury, during whose unavoidable absence Dr. C. Taylor, the learned Master of St. John's, Cambridge (where he will entertain the congress on Sept. 11), would preside. Its organising committee is chiefly composed of Orientalists in various parts of England and Scotland and of Anglo-Indian ex-officials. It enjoys the honorary presidency of two former Viceroys of India, the Earl of Lytton and the Marquis of Dufferin. A number of Indian chiefs are honorary members, as also the Ministers of Public Instruction of France, Italy, and Belgium; the Duke of Devonshire, Chancellor of Cambridge University; Cardinal Manning; the Bishop of Worcester, Hon. President, with Lord Halsbury, of the Arabic section; Lord Knutsford, who has assisted the Polynesian section with advice; Sir A. H. Layard; Sir F. Leighton; M. de Bonnevie, President of the last congress at Christiania, the Marquis of Bute, and Lord Lawrence. Nearly all the founders and original promoters of the congress which was created at Paris in 1873 are present; and nearly all the Ambassadors and Ministers of foreign countries have joined the organising committee; and this congress is also supported by representative members of all the Scotch universities, and by many persons eminent in art, literature, science, and administration.



THE SIRDAR NIZAM-UL-MULK, RULER OF YASIN, WITH SOME OF HIS FAMILY AND COURT.



A MAN OF DAREYL.



SEASIDE SKETCHES: ON THE PIER.

BELLS AGAIN.

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

I have for several years—indeed, ever since I lectured on the subject at the Royal Institution—been urging upon the public the distinction between bell music and bell noise. The noble British art of bell-ringing is not primarily music at all, but *exercise first, noise second, and musical sound third*. But even musical sound is not necessarily music. A peal of seven bells, on which, I am told, if you go on without stopping you can ring 5040 changes in three hours, does not make music to the musician's ear, only a most wearisome clashing of sounds arranged arithmetically, which under other conceivable circumstances and in other combinations might yield a meagre tune or a few chords. But no amount of triple bob majoring or volleying can constitute music. Into the fascinations of bell-ringing I have never pretended to enter. Good exercise it must be, strength and skill it may require, and a little of it, a long way off, "far, far away" or "over some wide-watered shore, swinging slow with sudden roar," may be impressive or agreeable in its way. I don't deny it; besides *chacun à son goût*. But when I called attention at the Royal Institution to the Belgian carillons, and urged the introduction of well-tuned Belgian bells into some of our noble and half-empty cathedral or townhall towers, I seem to have propounded ideas so startling and novel to the average British mind (although people visit Belgium every year) that even now the real nature of the Belgian carillon is not grasped—no, not even by those who, like the Town Council of Aberdeen, have gone the length of ordering a large Belgian carillon of thirty-two bells. Let me explain: and I shall best do so by contrasting the contents of an English and a Belgian cathedral tower. The vital differences between bell-ringing and carillon-playing will then be obvious.

Your English tower shall have twelve bells, varying, say, from four tons to some six cwt. apiece; you shall swing them by means of ropes and wheels, and the clapper shall come down with a deafening "whack," which let us call "bringing out the full tone," or you shall have a chiming apparatus, worked by one man on Gillet and Bland's system or on the old rough peg method, eliciting a milder tone than the wheel-and-rope method. On these twelve big bells you shall then perform, if you like, the purgatorially prolonged "changes" admired by the British bell-ringer, or, at a pinch, "The Blue Bells of Scotland" or the "Old Hundredth Psalm," in unison. The clock can be fitted with a revolving barrel, which shall do likewise for you; and then you will have come to an end of your bell music in your British belfry. But, stay—there is yet another bell exercise. Are we not every year reminded in the newspapers of the horrible ding-dong on a couple or even only one bell, which is supposed, in big cities, to attract to divine service, but which is more calculated to drive away worshippers, as bells are said to drive away devils and disperse storms? The newspapers are right. City folk have a grievance with ding-dong bells in season and out of season; but the grievance is not that there are too many bells, or even their too great frequency. It is that there are too few bells, and the fact that they produce *noise*, not *music*. This requires comment. Belgium will supply it.

Let us now go to Mechlin. In the grand tower of St. Rombaud there are forty-four bells, all tuned in semitones, and varying in weight from several tons—the thunder bells—to a few pounds—the shrill trebles. You have, in fact, the range of a colossal pianoforte at your disposal. You can play pianoforte scores on that mighty instrument, as you sit before your

double rows of jutting pegs with well-gauntleted hands, and control a row of pedals, organwise, acting on the big bells with your feet. Your strokes release the big hammers up aloft, which, although they do not thump the metal murderously, are poised with an adequate drop, so as to elicit the full round tone of each bell. I have heard M. Denyn—once the greatest *carillonneur* of this century, now, alas! nearly blind—play a big organ score of Handel on the Mechlin bells, and make grand music for the town and all its environs for five miles round. I have heard him then start a tremendous elephantine galop—keeping it up for seven or eight minutes with the big thunder bells in rhythm of strict regularity—never faltering or losing one beat, and throwing in showers of little notes with the treble bells meanwhile as an extra *tour de force*; and I have seen the market-place at Mechlin crowded with a spellbound audience, what time the old tower itself seemed to rock and bound to the colossal galop, which suggested a giant

Mechlin, it was as though the angels had gone out of the sky and left nothing but the light of common day behind and the unconsecrated din of the streets and hum of human voices below.

Now, I have written this for a special reason. I am personally responsible, in a sort of way, for every one of the Belgian carillons which since my lecture at the Royal Institution and the publication of "Bells and Carillons" in "Music and Morals" have been erected in England and Scotland. I was consulted by the Duke of Westminster, who has a fine carillon at Eaton Hall; by the Rector of Cattistock, who has another; by the people of Aberdeen, who have the largest set of thirty-two bells cast by Severin van Aerschot, in their townhall. In no one case, after all the expense and trouble that have been incurred, has any satisfactory carillon music, even by the tambour, let alone the key-board, been produced. At Cattistock, for want of a paltry £40, no tambour or clavecin has as yet been provided. At Eaton Hall no adequate tambour setting of tunes has been heard, and the machinery, for reasons which I will not now enter upon, is not a success; but at Aberdeen a still worse mistake has been made, and, I fear, a worse fiasco is impending. The thirty-two bells at Aberdeen, by Severin van Aerschot, were pronounced admirable even by Taylor of Loughborough, who may be called his English rival. A Belgian key-board was also provided, and overtures were made to M. Denyn's son to come over and open the bells. That gentleman asked a preposterous fee, and it ended in an elderly *carillonneur* no longer capable of manipulating the bells being engaged. He at once tampered with the wires, shortened the fall of each hammer, so as to lighten the work for himself: the consequence was that when the citizens of Aberdeen met to hear the carillon performance they got in no one case the full tone of their bells—the treble bells being nothing but a feeble "tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!" as Mr. Gros-smith would say. Will it be believed that, on the strength of this failure, and for want of the most rudimentary knowledge, it has now been proposed to fit a tambour with a few tunes *in unison* (!), and use only some of the big bells, thus entirely ignoring the properties of the carillon as a musical instrument whose specialty it is to produce tunes *properly harmonised*, as on a pianoforte or an organ? To the Aberdeen complaint that the little bells can't be heard, I reply: Adequately struck, the little bells will be heard in due proportion to the big bells, just as the treble

notes have their appointed place on the piano and in every harmonised piece of music. 'Tis, in a word, music, and not big ding-dongs alone that a carillon aims at, and that is what, sooner or later, I hope the English people will understand, especially now they have got so far as ordering several sets of musical bells and paying for them.

There is a great deal more to be said, but perhaps this is enough for the present. Let the Aberdeeners take courage, get their hammers readjusted, get over a good *carillonneur*, and give him *time and facility* to prepare a real clavecin performance for them, and I promise them a new light, or rather a new sound, will burst upon them, and they will begin to realise that, after all, they have not spent their money for naught. But, failing the *carillonneur*, let them get some proper carillon music arranged on a Belgian barrel supplied by Michaels, of Mechlin, and superintended by an experienced *carillonneur*, and let their present clock work their thirty-two bells in streams of music instead of those harrowing ding-dongs at present contemplated on twelve heavy bells, from which may all good Aberdeeners be saved!



"A ROSE MAIDEN."—BY P. THUMANN.

careering with seven-leaguued boots. Then I have heard Denyn play "Casta Diva," fully accompanied with a *sougue* and florid cadenzas worthy of Rubinstein. Indeed, M. Denyn was truly the Liszt or Rubinstein of the carillon clavecin. But in the absence of such a *carillonneur*, or any *carillonneur* at all, let us aspire to something short of all this. We have a very good substitute all day and all night at Mechlin, and in most other Belgian towns, too—I allude to the performances of the automatic tambour or revolving drum, worked every quarter of an hour by the cathedral clock. At intervals, instead of the hideous ding-dong or even the barren Westminster quarters—a little gush of harmonised melody, lasting a few seconds only, is released from the tower and floats like a spirit voice over the city. It is not all big bells such as our ringers thump, any more than it would be all bass notes on the piano if you wanted to play music; but big and little, treble and bass, musically mingled are there; and oh! the dearth of it, when, after living for some days in a town where all time flows by to music, you come into a common city where there are no voices in the upper air! To me, indeed, on leaving

GREEK MAGAZINE POETRY.

BY ANDREW LANG.

A short time since I read in a book by the celebrated Mr. W. D. Howells that the American citizens of the present day have carried the art of living to a pitch never hitherto attained. To learn this may be a great consolation in hours of melancholy, and yet one asked oneself if the news is not too good to be true? We may test in little things the general law formulated by Mr. Howells, and I thought of testing it in magazine poetry. The pages of verse which adorn the excellent and popular American magazines express, no doubt, the brief, rich thoughts on life, which pass half consciously into music as they thrill through the minds of the nation's poets. These are very numerous; I believe that a biographical dictionary of them has been published. Greece, also, was rich in what we may call magazine poets—authors not very grand or epic, mere cicadas, who chattered as they perched on the golden lyre of Apollo. Their fugitive pieces, which they would have sent to the magazines had magazines then existed, fill a period of some two thousand years with music. Their songs are collected into the Greek Anthology, a great gathering of good, bad, and indifferent, for the sake of reading which it is well worth while to learn Greek. The knowledge of that language is dying, because we have so many far more pressing things to do than to study life as it was among the people who in ancient days, perhaps, most nearly approached the present American standard of excellence in the art of living. We who still remember a little Greek feel now like the last of the Picts—in possession of a secret that will shortly be lost by succeeding generations. Sometimes one fancies that if ladies would take to Greek the tongue might have a better chance of surviving; for it is women who preserve old customs, old ideas, magic and rustic dance-measures, ballads and fairy tales. But so many young ladies put off learning Greek till they are thirty-seven (about the age when Cato acquired it) that perhaps they will never really master it, but merely bestow on it a desultory attention, as if it were like the art of burning decorative patterns on wood, or like Zenana work, or some domestic craft of that kind.

But this is a digression. We were comparing Greek with American magazine poetry. The modern branch of the subject may be studied by everyone at leisure. I would only venture to offer an opinion that Greek minor poetry, in its brevity and simplicity, had certain advantages over the effusions which now decorate the monthly serials. Unluckily we cannot give Greek examples in the original, and no poetry can be fairly represented by translations. If they are in literal prose, as in Mr. Mackail's valuable selection, they seem somewhat hard and crabbed. If they are in rhyme, a new measure takes the place of the old; and in both cases all the indefinable and essential charm of the best words in the best places is lost. Nevertheless, I offer a handful of rhyming versions, made chiefly for the pleasure of making them, and with a keen sense of the inadequacy, the treachery of them as representations of the antique. At best, they can be no more like the originals, in grace of form, than a German copy of a Tanagra terra-cotta is like its model. The gem-engravers of the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries have occasionally deceived even the most learned students of antique engraved stones by their imitations. But this is a skill beyond the powers of the translator.

With this apology let us present these scraps, beginning with a mere verse of compliment. Cymagoras of Mitylene was a Court-poet in Rome during the later part of the reign of Augustus. To the daughter of one of his patrons he presented, on her birthday, which fell in midwinter, a wreath of roses either "forced" under glass or sent over from Egypt. His poem consists of six lines only: there are nine, alas! in the translation. The roses are supposed to speak for themselves—

WINTER ROSES.

Of old we roses bloomed in spring.
To-day our crimson cups we bring,
In deep midwinter opening.

To this thy birthday have we sped,
That brings thee near thy bridal bed,
Better to die thus garlanded,

To perish ere the spring's begun,
About thy brows, thou fairest one
Than live and see the April sun.

Leonidas of Tarentum lived about 280 B.C. The following little piece may have been inscribed on some stone by the dusty summer roadside—

THE WAYSIDE WELL.

Not where the sultry pool is fouled by sheep
Drink, wayfarer; but climb a little way;
By yonder pastoral pine above the steep,
The grassy hillock where the heifers stray.
There shalt thou find the snow-cold springs that leap
Forth from the rock, and babble through the day.

Beside the road there must have been the rifted and rocky bed of a burn. In summer but a little tepid water, stirred by the sheep, would be lying in the pools; the streams between the pools would be dry and stony. Thus, the thirsty traveller needed the warning of the poet—

"Drink thou not here, wayfarer, from this warm pool, full of mud from the torrent's bed, stirred up by the pasturing sheep; but go on a little way across the height where the heifers graze, and there, by that pastoral pine-tree, thou wilt find, babbling through the fountained rock, a spring more chill than the Northern snow."

I give the piece in literal prose to illustrate the treachery of translators. I have had to omit the facts that the pool is a pool in a dry burn-bed, that the sheep are at pasture (which we might take for granted), that the rock is "well-watered," as Liddell and Scott render it, or "fountained," as Mr. Mackail says; and that the spring is "colder" than "snows of the North, I can only say "snow-cold."

"Rhymes are stubborn things," and I have had, besides omitting all that, to make an addition: the springs babble "through the day," which is merely otiose. Yet I may turn

and twist it as I will, I cannot quite fit Leonidas of Tarentum to the translator's bed of Procrustes.

There is, to me, a great charm in the little verses which dedicate statues, flowers, rural implements, first fruits, or even an old hat, to the rustic deities, to Pan, Priapus, Aphrodite of the Seashore, or the Nymphs. How much of real religious belief was in the hearts of the dedicators, how much of poetic and gracious superstition, how much of a canny opinion that "the experiment was well worth making," of course we cannot determine. But the art of living was sensibly improved in beauty and humanity by survivals of an ancient faith in haunting deities of gardens, glades, and wild sea-banks. Moero of Byzantium, a lady poet, wrote the following dedication for statues of the river nymphs of Anigrus on the borders of Elis. People suffering from skin-diseases sacrificed in their cave and bathed in their river, which contained sulphur. When people go to Royat now, they take the waters, but they forget to thank the nymphs. Cleonimus did not forget: he erected little effigies of the ladies of the stream, perhaps mere terra-cotta figurines, like those of Tanagra, and Moero wrote this dedicatory quatrain—

TO THE NYMPIIS.

Nymphs of Anigrus, daughters of the wave,
Whose rosy feet still tread these deeps divine,
Hail ye! and help Cleonimus, who gave
Your statues, Goddesses, beneath the pine.

The author of the following poem is unknown. A sorceress of Thessaly, where witches flourished, dedicates a talisman to Aphrodite. In Greek magic, a lady who wished to win, or win back, a lover, fastened the bird called a wry-neck in a wheel and whirled it round, with certain rites, and muttered charms. The second Idyll of Theocritus contains the story and the song of such a love-lorn girl. In this dedication the sorceress offers an image of the wry-neck engraved on an amethyst and set in a wheel of gold, a delightful antique to unearth, if we could only find it—

THE TALISMAN.

The wryneck, bird of Nico, that of old
Had magic to draw lovers over sea,
Or girls from bridal bowers, bedecked with gold,
Carved in clear amethyst, I give to thee,
Cyrpis, a talisman that shall be thine;
And bound about its middle is a tress
Of purple lamb's wool, soft and dainty fine,
Gift of the Larissian sorceress.

Unlucky young American ladies have no such resources in their civilisation; but, unlike the Greeks, they can fall back on hypnotism.

Anyte, of Tegea, the lily-maid of Meleager's poem, wrote the next dedication for Theudotos. Her date is uncertain, but she belonged to an age comparatively early—

TO PAN AND THE NYMPIIS.

To farmyard nymphs and to the bristly Pan,
This gift gave Theudotos, for in the heat
They stayed him once, an over-wearied man,
And in their hands brought water honey-sweet.

Ah! when will the swinked, tanned American farmer know anything of such benignant deities, or find, among the numerous poetesses of his continent, such a lily-maid as Anyte to record his gratitude in lines as lovely in their simplicity as a gem of the age of Phidias? Is there really a life better worth living, in the wide wheat-bearing plains, than the life of the labourer Theudotos?

For a grumbling farmer, with a stinted plot of barren ground, Diodorus of Sardis, called Zonas (B.C. 88), wrote this dedication to Deo, or Demeter, of the winnowing-fan—

TO DEMETER AND THE HOURS.

To Deo of the Fan, to you
Whose feet are in the furrows set,
Fair Hours, Heronax gives his due.
Little hath he, and less ye get:
A few ears from the threshing floor,
And, on a tripod, scattered seed
Scant from the scanty; slender store
Wins he from scanty mountain mead.

Gatulicus lived in the present, or Christian, era, perhaps in the second century, but was not an Early Christian. To Aphrodite of the Seashore he wrote this dedication, as to a goddess potent in voyaging and love affairs—

TO APHRODITE OF THE FAIR VOYAGE.

Goddess of the shores, to thee
Cakes and tiny gifts I bring,
Who shall tempt the Ionian sea,
O'er the wide wave voyaging.
To Eldothea sail I fast,
Shine thou then with kindly power
On my love as on my mast,
Queen of beach and bridal bower.

About 290 B.C. Asclepiades writes this epitaph for Eumares, a sailor buried on the beach—

TO THE SEA.

Fathoms five keep thou from me,
High wash of the stormy sea.
There by day, and there by night,
Roar and rage with all thy might.
If this grave of Eumares
Be invaded by the seas,
Little wealth they'll find therein—
Dust and bones are all they'll win.

"Masterless," or anonymous, is this poem, the earliest mention of "Telling the Bees" about their owner's death, a custom which still survives in England.—

TELLING THE BEES.

Naiads, and ye pastures cold,
When the bees return with spring,
Tell them that Leucippus old
Perished in his hare-hunting,
Perished on a winter night.
Now no more will he delight
In the hives he used to tend,
But the valley and the height
Mourn a neighbour and a friend.

Let me end with one poem of love, by Asclepiades—

DEWY GARLANDS.

There hang, my garlands, by her gate,
My love's gate wreathing o'er;
Nor cast your blossoms now, but wait
Until she opens the door;
Then, dank with dew love's eyes have shed,
Fall, petals drenched in brine,
That so, at least, her golden head
May drink these tears of mine.

Such are a very few examples of Greek minor poetry, which, even in a translation, have the merit of brevity and of "objectivity," of gladness, of resignation, of the open air. To be sure there were pessimists even in Greece; but they were the exceptions, and if they maundered, it was not even to the length, and with the weight, of a sonnet that they bewailed themselves.

A LETTER FROM BAYREUTH.

The sense of charm experienced by a visit to Bayreuth lies in the fact that in this little Bavarian town one feels completely outside the busy whirling world. It is with a feeling of considerable relief that one settles down in a place where the humdrum conversation of every-day life is not disturbed by wrangle and discussion. Such a place is Bayreuth. Locked in amid the mountains of Franconian Switzerland, fanned by the perfumed breeze of the miles of fir-forests which encircle it, the little town breathes an air of repose and peace. Wagner, seeking just such a place, came across Bayreuth, and here settled, naming his little home Wahnfried.

The Wagner Theatre is not the only theatre in Bayreuth. In the centre of the town stands a most elaborate playhouse—used for opera—decorated in all the faded glories of the highly coloured rococo style, and erected by "that most expensive Herr," Frederick I. of Prussia. The Wagner Theatre stands on the top of a hill about a mile outside the town, overlooking Bayreuth and the picturesque little village of St. Georgen. The theatre itself is not beautiful. Built of brick and stone, it presents an appearance of strength rather than of graceful outline. The inside is distinguished by a very prominent rake, enabling every one of the fifteen hundred individuals the place holds to have a capital view of the stage.

The success of the season just over has been the greatest on record, the demand for seats having far exceeded the supply. Two reasons are given for this—firstly, the German Emperor was expected to have paid Bayreuth a visit, and, secondly, the popularity of the programme, "Tannhäuser," "Tristan und Isolde," and "Parsifal" being performed. It is, indeed, doubtful whether any three other operas could have been selected appealing to the sympathy of so many people. The day is long past when the Venus music of "Tannhäuser" was described as "a babel of hideous noise." People have come to appreciate it highly; its magnificent overture, introducing the theme of the pilgrims' march and ending amid the Bacchanalian intoxication of the Venusberg music, has become a first favourite with the public. The wealth of melody Wagner has bestowed on this opera (if for no other reason) should ensure to it a foremost place among the greatest operatic creations. The lively contrasts which the continual change of circumstances produce in Tannhäuser's actions add immensely to its interest. "Tannhäuser" is never 'a little' anything, but each thing fully and completely"—this is the definition given by Wagner of the nature of his hero; and in the expression of the music this idea is most forcibly and most faithfully portrayed. The lavish style in which anything tending to heighten effect is forthcoming at Bayreuth was well illustrated in "Tannhäuser," two especially beautiful scenes being introduced during the progress of the first act—one disclosing a view of Europa, who appears on the back of a white steer decked with flowers, riding through an indigo-blue sea, and drawn along by quantities of Tritons and Nereids; another shows us Leda reclining upon the banks of a wonderfully beautiful forest lake bathed in silvan moonlight; a swan swims towards her and hides his head caressingly on her bosom.

"Tristan und Isolde," of which only three performances have been given this year, is an opera which has its origin in a simple nature myth, the natural affinity existing between the sun and our earth having supplied the first model for the sagas of Tristan and of Isolde.—Sagas dealing with this subject have existed both in the eastern and western worlds, the best known of which, and undoubtedly the simplest in form, is "Skirnirson," to be found by the curious among "the Songs of the Edda": here we find "Skirnir" (the spring) wooing "Gerda with the white arms" (the ice-bound wintry earth) for his master "Freya" (the sun-god). The magic love-draught, which plays so important a part in Wagner's dramatic version of these scattered lyrics, is said to be a mythical representation of the first fertilising spring-shower. Wagner's preludes generally present in a concentrated connection such of the leading themes as during the progress of the opera will undergo the most elaboration and change, and therefore it is with no surprise that we find the prelude to "Tristan und Isolde" being dominated over by the beautiful *leit-motif*. The key-note to the whole opera is the power of love—love crushed to pieces, shattered into fragments by the hand of relentless Fate, whose victims are only united in death. "Parsifal," upon which such a great deal has been said, is the opera upon the merits of which Wagner will stand or fall in the opinion of the next generation, which will surely be called upon finally to decide whether an opera based almost entirely on the working up and elaboration of a few simple themes (which method Beethoven employed in the composition of his greatest symphonies) is an "arid intellectual abstraction," or is a work of musical art, brought up to the highest level of psychological perfection. At the present moment, the answer to this question remains in a problematic state, so very few people having even the chance of hearing "Parsifal" once, as Madame Wagner will not allow the opera to be performed outside Bayreuth. To say that everything is done at Bayreuth which is possible to produce the greatest conceivable amount of illusionary sympathy with this masterpiece is to put the matter in far too general a way. No one acquainted only with the stage-management, decoration, and general *mise-en-scène* of the present-day dramatic art can form any approximate idea of the way in which this production is "staged" at Bayreuth. Scene succeeds scene, ever rivalling and intensifying the beauty of the preceding one, till the eye, fairly blinded with the masses of ever-changing colour, and the ear completely ravished with the exquisite beauty of the music, are unwillingly released from their charmed existence by the fall of the curtain. It would be as impossible to give in a short notice any adequate idea of the two great scenes in "Parsifal" (an interior of a cathedral and the land of the flower-maidens) as it would be in the same space to describe fully a couple of pictures by Botticelli or Mantegna; let me only advise those anxious to see the greatest *tour de force* of stage management which the present century has produced to risk the long and somewhat dreary journey to the little Bavarian town of Bayreuth.

Before closing, a word of praise must be given to some of the performers. Of Van Dyck as Parsifal too much cannot be said; his magnificent acting, his fine voice, and his rare intelligence all combined in forming an artistic result which will be remembered for ever by those fortunate enough to have heard him. Fräulein Mailhac, as Kundry, acted the part to perfection. Frau Sucher and Herr Scheidemantel also deserve special mention. The orchestra, under Herr Levi, did everything which was asked and expected of them.

It has been unofficially announced that the same programme performed this year will be repeated next.—H. D. S.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

It was two o'clock in the morning, and the rain was coming down in torrents. The wretched creatures upon Blackfriars Bridge who had been keeping up a pretence of sleep resigned themselves hopelessly. A damp cold that cut to the heart caused the more active of them to stamp up and down, twirling their arms for warmth.

As the clock struck two, three or four shuffled away in the direction of Fleet Street. They were bound for L's cocoa-rooms. The others, knowing this, watched them enviously, feeling at the same time in their tattered pockets lest some coin might lurk there overlooked. L's in Fleet Street opens at two in the morning for the benefit of the great army of workers on the daily papers. Stale food of the previous day is sold there cheap to the hungry tramps and nightbirds, to whom L's is a paradise—their only ideal of one.

Among those who crowded in as the shop opened was a boy who would have attracted notice had not everyone been too wet and too tired to notice anything. He was about fourteen years of age, and dressed in the public-school fashion. He was splashed to the eyes in mud, and his broad Eton collar, which had long lost its stiffness, was of the grimiest hue imaginable. Unless his face belied him, it was days since he had slept.

With painful care he produced the last coin from his pocket and asked for a halfpenny mug of cocoa. Having given his order at the counter, he moved wearily towards the nearest seat.

"You can't sit down for a halfpenny cocoa," snarled an attendant, divining at once that the drink was only an excuse for a long rest, and perhaps sleep.

The boy gazed round him hopelessly, and was shuffling out again into the night. A street tramp and loafer of the professional type was the only one who had noticed the incident. "How much may a boy sit down for in this place?" he shouted.

Everyone in the shop turned round to look at him. The proprietor, who was carrying on a whispered conversation with a stern-looking clergyman, shifted uneasily. The attendant felt that public opinion was against him, and regretted his churlishness.

"Can't let him sit down under a penny cup—tain't reasonable," he said, wishing himself well out of the business.

The tramp flung a penny on the sawdusted floor. "Let the boy sit down!" he thundered. A low murmur of approval went round the shop. The loafer felt that he was the hero of the scene, and was unwilling to retire at once into private life. At the top of his voice he poured forth a torrent of profanity, from which one might gather his low opinion of the waiter's character and antecedents. The attendant looked round to see if this outburst in any way altered the current of public feeling. Finding it still dead against him, he retired crestfallen.

The boy sank down into a seat too tired to move than just thank his benefactor. In a minute they set before him a steaming mug of cocoa; but he heeded it not—he was fast asleep.

The clergyman, who had turned sharply round on hearing the altercation, continued to watch the child. "That's the boy," he whispered excitedly to the proprietor. "Twelve days ago he ran away from us; since then sleep has scarcely visited my eyelids. Night and day have I followed and sought him, and I find him here." The boy slumbered on. The parson-schoolmaster walked across, and looked on him with no sign of pity or compassion, though the face of the child (unnaturally aged as it had become from want and fatigue) might have moved a worse man to tears.

He shook the lad by the arm. "Get up and come with me," he said sternly.

"Drop that!" said the tramp, uncoiling himself from the opposite bench. "You touch that boy and I'll touch you." There was such an unmistakable air of sincerity about the unshaven vagabond that the schoolmaster involuntarily retreated. "Oh! I ain't going to hurt you," sneered his opponent. "You keep your hands off him, and I'll keep my hands off you."

He repeated this more than once, with the air of a man who had unwittingly said a good thing. Resigning himself to the inevitable, or perhaps shamed into more consideration, the parson sat down beside the tramp and waited for his pupil to awake.

No one disturbed this queer trio. Hour after hour the two men remained there, the tramp sitting with folded arms determined to see the matter through. Once or twice the clergyman tried to draw him into conversation, but he met these overtures with suspicion, seeing in them an attempt to lure him from the strong argumentative position he had taken up. "You keep your hands off him, and I'll keep my hands off you" was all that could be got from him.

While they sat there many customers came and went, most of them casting curious glances at the sleeper and his attendants. One, a pale, consumptive woman, whose tattered garments looked the more miserable for the cheap finery that adorned them, bent over the sleeper almost affectionately.

"It's Johnny," she said, seating herself beside the tramp and addressing him in a whisper. "Ten nights ago I met the boy near Charing Cross Station. He told me he had run away from school, and was going to spend the night on Waterloo Bridge. He said it would be fun. Fun! Oh, Lord!"

The boy opposite, whose head rested none too comfortably against a wooden pillar, shifted uneasily. The woman rose nervously and went across to him. She took off the thin woollen shawl that was wrapped round her shoulders, and with it improvised a pillow. She placed this behind the sleeper's head, at the same time hushing him into more quiet slumbers.

As she returned to her seat her faded cheeks were lit up with a faint blush.

"He's so young," she said apologetically.

The parson was struck with a pang of remorse that the woman's eyes should be so much quicker and more sympathetic than his own.

"There's so much to learn," moaned the boy in his sleep. Then his dreams changed, and they could hear him going through once more the sufferings of the previous days. At last he awoke, and sat up with a start. "Johnny, dear," said the schoolmaster (he had never before addressed a pupil thus), "I have come to bring you home."

The boy went to him without a word.

The tramp, who had been looking forward to rescuing the lad from oppression by a personal conflict with the clergyman,

expressed himself disappointed at the tame ending of the drama. The schoolmaster, recognising that but for the interference of the stranger the boy might have been lost for ever, pressed upon the tramp a substantial mark of his gratitude. But the latter put it away from him with the air of an emperor. An hour later he might be begging—perhaps stealing (God knows!) but in this affair he would act as a gentleman.

The whole party left the shop together. Outside they paused a minute or two on the pavement irresolutely.

The woman was the first to go.

"God bless you, Sir!" she said to the tramp. The tramp plunged into the throng in the opposite direction. The boy would have followed to thank him, but the currents of London life, that had brought them together for a time so strangely, swept them apart. Nor in this world will they meet again.

B. A. C.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

MRS. KELLY (of Kelly).—You are not the only one who has come to grief over No. 2471, many of our cleverest solvers being among the failures. It certainly deserves the highest praise, and is apparently one of the most difficult we ever published.

COLUMBUS.—In No. 2468 the reply to Black's defence of B to Q Kt 2nd is 2. Kt to K 4th (ch), K takes it; 3. Q Mates.

L SCHLU (Vienna).—We are afraid you must be reckoned among the victims of No. 2471. The answer to B to Q 5th is Q takes P, &c.

G D (Teignhae Hall).—We are much obliged for the games, which we are examining for the purpose of publication.

S JOHNSTON (San Francisco).—Your solution of No. 2466 is correct; but No. 245 cannot be solved in the way you propose.

JULIA SHORT.—The reply to P to Q Kt 5th is 2. Q to Q R 4th, &c. P takes R is a mistake for P takes P.

CARSLAKE WOOD.—We should like to see you represented by something stronger than your last contribution.

G A H (Vilnus).—We personally prefer the fractional method; but a good number are of your opinion.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NOS. 2464 and 2466 received from J Gordon Macpherson (Grahamstown, South Africa), of No. 2469 from Rev J Wils (Barnstable, Mass.), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), C M A H, Stuart Downs, Joseph T Pullen, P Smith, J W Shaw (Montevideo), and G A H (Vilnus); of No. 2470 from W L Tucker, J T Pullen, L Schlu (Vienna), and G A Haggerty.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2472 received from Captain J A Challice, T Roberts (Martin F, A Newman, C M A H, J Conn, M Burke, G Joicey, W Blago (Cheadle), R D F, Mahnes (Belgium), W C Bennett (Stephens), D McCoy (Galway), A W Hamilton Geil, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), T A Farron (Eccles), J Ross (Whitley), Shadforth, R Legros (Dublin), H S Brandreth, J F Moon, T G Ware, W R Railton, E P Vulliamy, Dawn, Lieutenant Loraine (Brighton), R H Brooks, Hereward, H B Hurford, Sorrento (Dawson), Blair-Cochrane, A Challice (Cardiff), B D Knox, Percy Grey, Rev C T Stansbury, Stuart, Dr. Lees (Lancaster), Admiral Brandreth, J A Rowland (Cardigan), Alfred Tyson (Bedford), Fr Fernando (Dublin), E Hygate, F Anderson, Nigel, W Wright, J Dixon, Dr F Sr, E Hacking, J Kandulier (Magdeburg), E B E E Louder, Anglin, Julia Short, Columbus, James M Duziel (Edinburgh), L Desanges (Ardenza), O W Brown, J Freeing, G Ryder, and J Worters (Canterbury).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2470.—By DR. F. STEINGASS.

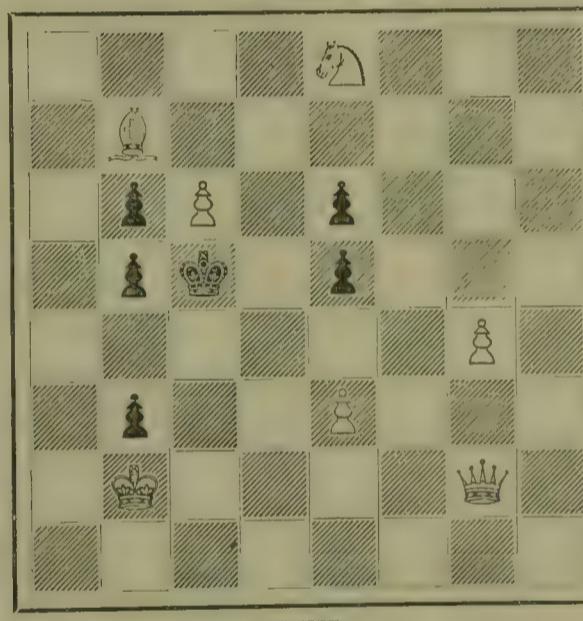
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q sq. K to Kt 5th or K to K 5th
2. R to Kt 4th (ch) K takes Kt, or any move
3. R or B mates.

If Black play L P to R 6th then 2. Kt to B 2nd, K takes P; 3. R takes P, Mate.

PROBLEM NO. 2474.

By J. W. ABBOTT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

Game played in the Scottish Association Tourney between Mr. P. SANDEMAN, of the Dundee Chess Club, and Mr. BAXTER, of Alford, Aberdeenshire.

(Queen's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	WHITE's King, though much exposed, is seemingly quite secure.	
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	22. P takes Kt	
3. P to K 3rd	K Kt to B 3rd	23. B takes Kt P.	R to K 2nd
4. P to Q R 3rd	B to K 2nd	24. P to K B 4th	Kt to Q B 4th
5. Q Kt to B 3rd	Castles	25. R to R 3rd	P takes Q B P
6. K Kt to B 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	26. P takes P	K to B 5th
7. B to Q 3rd	B to Q Kt 2nd	27. R to B sq	Q to B 4th
8. P to Q Kt 3rd	R to K sq	28. K to B sq	Q R to Q sq
9. Kt to K 2nd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	Threatening to double the Rooks, which White is helpless to prevent.	
10. Kt to K 3rd	P to Q B 4th	29. B to R sq	K R to Q 2nd
11. B to Q Kt 2nd	B to K B sq	30. R to Kt 3rd	R to Q 7th
12. P to K R 4th	P to K Kt 3rd	31. Q to K sq	B to Q R 3rd
This looks somewhat hazardous, and seems to invite attack. Black, however, has apparently calculated all the consequences of the venture.		32. R to K 3rd	B takes P (ch)
13. P to K R 5th	B to Kt 2nd	33. K to Kt sq	P to Q Kt 4th
14. P takes Kt P	B P takes P	34. K to R 2nd	Q to Kt 3rd
15. Q to Q 2nd	Q Kt to K B sq	35. P to B 5th	B to Kt 3rd
16. Kt to K 2nd	I to Q B sq	36. R to R 3rd	B to B 5th (ch)
17. Kt to B 4th	Kt (B 3rd) to Q 2nd	37. K to R sq	Q to B 7th
18. Kt to K 5th	P takes Q P	38. B to R 7th (ch)	K to B sq
19. K P takes P	Kt takes Kt	39. Q takes K	R takes Q
20. P takes Kt	Q to B 2nd	40. B to Kt 6th	P to K B 6th was better, but properly met led to nothing.
21. Q to K 2nd	Kt to Q 2nd	41. R to K Kt sq	R (at B 7th) to Q 7th
22. Kt takes Kt P		42. R to I 8th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
White prefers to sacrifice his Kt for the two Pawns to give up the one in the centre. The position of his adversary.			

White resigned.

By the death of Louis Paulsen, which took place in Germany towards the end of August, chess has lost not only one of its most original exponents but one of the greatest players of the century as well. Although of late his name has not been as prominent in chess tournaments, a generation ago none was more familiar, and in every phase of the game he was regarded as a leader. His prowess was established in many international contests, prominent in which were the American congress, 1857, when he was second to Morphy; the Bristol meeting of 1861, when he was first, after a tie with Boden; and the London gathering of 1862, when he was second to Andersen. As a match-player he was seen to yet greater advantage, while his inventions in the openings were still further evidence of the high order of his genius. He was one of the first to undertake those marvellous exhibitions of blindfold play which Blackburne and Zukertort have since so successfully copied. His pleasant manner made him a general favourite, and his loss will cause widespread and sincere regret.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The season of congresses and associations has just closed, and things scientific, hygienic, and archaeological are now lapsing back into their original state of quietude. The International Congress of Hygiene and Demography, held in London during August, was so far a success that plenty of papers were read and discussed on all branches of sanitary science, ranging from discussions on drainage to those on tuberculosis prevention, and from lectures on the place of alcohol in social life to a very heated argument on cremation versus earth burial. The British Association held its annual meeting this year at Cardiff, when Dr. Huggins, as president, discoursed on the spectroscope and its application to astronomical advance. Every newspaper, save the scientific journals, has remarked on the technical nature of Dr. Huggins's address. Doubtless this was inevitable; but it is a pity that an address meant to interest the general public in science should prove to be far above the appreciation of the people at large. The fact of the matter is that people are beginning to see that mixtures of science and popularity are not, as a rule, successful things. The reason is not far to seek, or difficult to find. If it is not given to people to understand science in the rough, it is still less frequently found that scientists are able to popularise their subjects so as to make them "understood of the people." Hence, between the two stools of scientific barebones and popular exposition, associations, whereat the public are invited to listen to the reading of papers on abstruse topics, are bound to fail in their object.

The Health Congress was attended by a very large number of foreign scientists; but, as many of the papers and criticisms were read and delivered in French or German, they were by no means understood by the English portion of the auditory; while, needless to say, many of the English hygienic expositions and papers were as Hebrew or Chaldee to our foreign visitors. Now and then translations were provided, but it would have been satisfactory had English reprints of all the foreign papers been published, while we might have returned the compliment, of course, to our guests. Still, such a procedure would have entailed considerable expense, and I do not know that the funds of the congress were so flourishing as to permit of this idea being carried out. I was especially interested in the section of the congress devoted to the interests of infancy and childhood. This section was presided over by Mr. Diggle, Chairman of the London School Board, and a most apt and courteous chairman he made. The papers read in this section, too, were more appreciable by the public than those read in many of the other sections. On the whole, we may agree that such a congress may work good in the sense that it will interest the people in sanitary progress. It is not that everybody can understand everything that is said at such a meeting of sanitarians, but the spirit of hygienic advance is abroad, and it is well the people should sympathise with all the efforts which are being made for the prolongation of life and for the abolition of many of the scourges, in the shape of preventable disease, which decimate us, as things are.

Part of my holidays has been spent on the coast of Fife, in a quaint little village called Lower Largo, which my readers may remember was the birthplace of Alexander Selkirk, whom Defoe idealised as Robinson Crusoe. Situated on the shores of Fife, with the coasts of East Lothian and Edinburgh county some seventeen miles across the Firth of Forth, Largo nestles by the sea, and is a bracing, health-giving resort, which, as things are, threatens to outgrow its means of accommodating the visitors which flock to its neighbourhood in the summer time. What is wanted at Largo is a good water-supply, and I hear there is a prospect of such being afforded. When this public and necessary work has been accomplished, and when Largo has adopted a system of drainage, it will stand second to none as a summer resort in the North.

The great attraction at Largo is the game of golf. The links are large and extensive, and the cry of the golfer resounds through the land perpetually. At the risk of being regarded as an unorthodox babbler—for I do not play golf—I must say one tends to grow just a little weary of the eternal discussions about the game one hears at Largo, North Berwick, St. Andrews, Prestwick, and elsewhere. It is doubtless an enchanting, as I am certain it is an all-absorbing, game, and I for one will not risk calling forth howls of derision by an attempt to decry it in any sense. I will say, however, that when I see lads and young men devoting their energies to golf, I feel that they are neglecting a much finer game



A DISCIPLE OF OLD IZAAK.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has been resting at Pontresina. Among the books he took with him was Mr. George Adam Smith's "Isaiah," which he has greatly appreciated. I shall not be far out in applying to him a lively sketch which appears in a Church paper: "He looked, as usual, keen, thoughtful, and benevolent, and, so far, prelatical: but his shovel hat was replaced by a wide-awake with a rosette; he had no apron, while his nether man was encased in stout knickerbockers, thick worsted stockings, and heavily nailed ankle-jacks of the pattern worn by the late Mr. William Sikes."

Canon Benham, the biographer of Archbishop Tait, has been acting as chaplain at the Maloja. Is it he who tells the story of that zealous representative of a certain society who quietly went one Saturday evening when the hotel reading-room was empty, and carried off all the newspapers and hid them in his bed-room till Monday? Of course there was a hue and cry next day. One lady went boldly to the zealous representative's wife, and gave her opinion that he had no right to do it; and she, taken by surprise, defended his action; in other words pleading "guilty," but also "justification."

Dean Goulburn, who for two-and-twenty years was Dean of Norwich, to which cathedral he has recently presented a handsome pulpit, an illustration of which was given in our last week's issue, and who during his tenure of office was never tired of beautifying the building which he loved so well,

is spending the autumn of his days at Brighton, where his still sturdy figure and kindly clever face and silver locks are very familiar. The Dean, who is now in his seventy-third year, was Head Master of Rugby early in the fifties, but he is probably most widely known by his "Thoughts on Personal Religion," a theological work perhaps more successful than any book of a similar character, as it has run through some fifty editions.

The Rev. R. C. Joynt, Vicar of Darnall, Sheffield, who was recently offered a bishopric in Africa, announced to his congregation that he has decided to decline the offer.

The death is announced of Canon Carus, at his residence, Merton, Bournemouth, on Aug. 27. The deceased, who had reached the age of eighty-seven, had for some years lived in retirement at Bournemouth; but, though he resigned the incumbency of Christ Church, Winchester, in 1870, he continued to act as Proctor in Convocation until 1880, and as Canon of Winchester until 1885. His published works of importance are but two, his "Memoirs of Charles Simeon" and his "Memorials of Bishop McIlvaine." Canon Carus was the founder of the Carus Greek Testament prizes annually awarded at Cambridge University.

Reports from Llandaff Deanery state that the condition of Dr. Vaughan, who had been seriously ill for several days with feverish cold, is considerably improved.

The Abbé Faure, chaplain of La Roquette, has just been removed from that post for having violated the rules of the

prison in carrying a message from a prisoner to his friends outside. It was a very innocent message which caused his disgrace, for it was only a list of names of persons who were likely, if applied to, to assist the prisoner's wife, who was about to be confined.

It will be learned with great satisfaction that the Bishop of Rochester, from whose work in South London so much is reasonably expected, is steadily improving in health. His enthronement will take place on Oct. 22.

A "Reformed Episcopal" minister at Peterborough has gone over to the Church of England. The Low Church Bishop of Worcester considers ordination necessary.

Canon Cheyne, the Oxford Hebraist, has excited some sensation by a course of sermons he is preaching in Rochester Cathedral on the "Life of David." Dr. Cheyne is an admirable preacher, and, while his critical views are of the advanced school, his tone is reverent. The sermons are said to be appreciated by the community.

A rich American gentleman named De Loubat, who is a fervent Roman Catholic, has caused a colossal statue of Leo XIII. to be executed at Rome by the sculptor Lucietti, and he intends to present it to the Roman Catholic University at Washington. The inauguration will take place in October, and it is stated that all the Roman Catholic archbishops and bishops of the United States will assist at the ceremony, as well as a body of no less than four thousand priests.

V.



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PLAYHOUSES IN THE PROVINCES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

On the subject of the ideal theatrical manager opinions seem to differ. Actors, as a rule, insist that the best manager in the world is an actor. Naturally enough they stick up for their own craft. Only listen to Mr. Henry Irving and Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. Willard and Mr. Wilson Barrett on the subject. Why, they would fill every page of any given quarterly or monthly review or magazine with arguments in favour of the actor-manager which to them are irresistible. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, on the other hand, being a dramatic author, insists that there is no manager to be found in the universe so capable, so sane, so unselfish, and so infallible as the author-manager. Bless your soul, he will rise superior to every human frailty! He will produce plays as they ought to be produced. He will not allow the vain actor to take the middle of the stage, or to conceal the features of the heroine on his manly breast exactly when it is necessary that her face shall be seen. He will not allow "cuts" and liberties with the immortal text. "If Shakspere was a manager, why should not Shakspere's descendants be managers?" shout the actors. "If Sheridan was a manager, why should not the nineteenth-century Sheridans be managers?" scream the authors. But even then the subject is by no manner of means exhausted. Some would vote for ex-actors who have proved themselves to be business men like Sir Augustus Harris. Some would elect to the coveted post literary men with exceptional knowledge of the stage, ex-dramatic critics, and ex-authors, like Mr. John Hollingshead or Mr. J. Comyns Carr. Be this as it may, one thing is quite certain, and that is that the modern manager, whatever his rank or station may be, does not, as a rule, take much trouble in discovering rising talent, and it is only by a mere accident that exceptionally clever people come to the front or have a chance of fulfilling their life-long ambition of an appearance in London. For my own part, I can safely say that I never take a trip to the provinces during my summer holidays without coming across someone of marked talent that deserves London recognition. If London managers, whether concerned in regular theatres or variety theatres, would only take the trouble to take an occasional tour in the provinces or a trip abroad they would find very valuable material ready to their hands.

For instance, the other day I happened to be weather-bound at Morecambe Bay, a watering-place in Lancashire, and, as many will own, not exactly the kind of spot that would yield artistic talent. I strolled into a huge entertainment hall called "The People's Palace," a cheap popular entertainment shop of the Aquarium or Hall-by-the-Sea type, where, for sixpence, amusement is provided from morning till night. It was at the People's Palace at Morecambe that I discovered the Brescian Family, all talented, all artistic, all clever, who by themselves give an entertainment which I imagine would be the very thing required for the variety halls and palaces of ill-supplied London. These are the days of free trade in amusements, and I firmly believe that the extension of this wholesome free trade will be for the advantage of art. The people of London, as elsewhere, want the very best entertainment they can get for the smallest amount of money. The best music always pays the best. The best comedian draws the most money. There is no law in London or anywhere else to demand the "lion comique" and the host of inferior and often vulgar imitators. Well, here is this Brescian Family, and I propose to tell you of what

it consists and how it can amuse. I believe it has been seen in London for a short time at one of the exhibitions as the Watteau Family, but, so far as I can see, these very clever young people have never had a fair chance. The family consists of the Haywards and the Domenigos, and the boys and girls all come of an artistic stock. Everyone of them understands the art of music. Each one is familiar with one or more instruments. An auburn-haired Miss Domenigo plays the violin with great taste and with rare executive power. One of her sisters has an extremely beautiful contralto voice, which would be invaluable in light opera. Mr. Flavell Hayward is an accomplished executant and composes admirable songs, part-songs, and glees. Another Hayward is a clever buffo singer. A third Hayward girl recites; so that they are all useful, whether as soloists or in chorus combination. I fancy it is this combination that would succeed in London. They come upon the stage in costume. Sometimes they are in Old English garb, after pictures by Randolph Caldecott. Sometimes they appear in Spanish, sometimes in Watteau costumes. At the conclusion of each little concert some of them give a comic sketch, and it would be strange indeed if the washerwomen's trio or the Quakeresses' scene does not bring down the house when given in London as I saw it done at Morecambe Bay. You may be quite sure that a Lancashire or Yorkshire audience would never stand the Brescian Family if they could not sing or play above the average, for part-singing is an accomplishment in the North, as we all know. Now, if variety managers are at their wits' end to discover good and artistic music in a popular form, here they have it for the asking. I am happy to say that the Brescian Family makes a feature of Sunday evening sacred concerts, and have so far beaten the Sabbatarians who insist that nobody should be entertained on Sunday except in church or by the Salvation Army. The National Sunday League should enlist the services of the Brescian Family for those admirable Sunday evenings for the people which should be given at every town-hall in the Metropolis.

When I arrived at Edinburgh I went, of course, by invitation of Mr. J. B. Howard and Mr. Wyndham to the beautiful Lyceum Theatre, as charming a playhouse as our own Prince of Wales' or Lyric, and there I saw "The Gondoliers" played by Mr. D'Oyly Carte's second company. But, except in mere detail, it is by no means inferior to the London company. In some respects it is infinitely better. We have no such admirable musical comedian in all London to my thinking as Mr. George Thorne. His performance of the Duke of Plaza Toro was a revelation to me. I had no idea it was such a good part or could be made so delicately amusing as by Mr. George Thorne. As a type of the polished beau of the old school, I have seen no such acting since the Paris days of Bressant and Delaunay and Lafont. Mr. Thorne seems to live in the days of the Grand Monarch. He is not acting the old beau and lady-killer. He is the very man. The dancing of the minuet, with instructions by the old Duke of Plaza Toro, is a thing to be remembered. This is, surely, exactly what Mr. Gilbert meant when he wrote "The Gondoliers," and I wonder that so good a judge of acting has never insisted on the appearance of Mr. George Thorne in London. I am told that he is equally good as Ko Ko in "The Mikado," and the Edinburgh critics insist that no one has yet played the Jester in "The Yeomen of the Guard" nearly so well as Mr. Thorne—one of the famous Thorne family, and a brother of the manager of the Vaudeville. Another excellent actor and singer is Mr. Richard Clarke. He has an exceptionally

pure tenor voice, and, for a wonder, he is a tenor who can act. Your tenor is, as a rule, the veriest stick on the stage. Since Mario Widmer we have seen no such acting tenor as Mr. Richard Clarke, who, I am convinced, would be made heartily welcome in London. And even yet my praise is not exhausted, for I find a third most admirable comedian in Mr. Fred Billington, who plays the Grand Inquisitor. He has a most comical appearance, and he sings Mr. Gilbert's excellent verses so as you can hear every syllable. I dare say that the provincial audiences will not thank me for suggesting that some of these artists should occasionally be transferred to London. But from time to time why should there not be an amicable exchange? The country folk would, no doubt, like to see our London favourites, and we would be ready to entertain these clever young people, who, I may remark, are no slavish imitators of the originals. When what is called a "second company" is sent out of London, it is generally considered the thing to "parrot" the principals. They are mere weak replicas of what has been seen in London. Voice, inflection, business are all copied. But I assure you that Mr. George Thorne, Mr. Richard Clarke, and Mr. Fred Billington are above this kind of work. They are all artists, and can think for themselves.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt has concluded her season at Sydney. She will leave Australia shortly for America direct.

Two young ladies belonging to the French Alpine Club ascended Mont Blanc on Aug. 26, with three guides.

Dr. Dale is so much better that he is busily correcting the proofs of a new book which is to appear very shortly.

Sir Theodore Martin has been admitted a bard at the North Wales Eisteddfod, under the title of "Theodorus."

Sir E. Collins Boehm, Bart., has instructed Messrs. Elkington and Co., of Regent Street, London, to design and manufacture a very massive and artistic "brass" for the tomb of his lamented father, in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, and also a handsome memorial plaque to be fixed on the wall over the tomb.

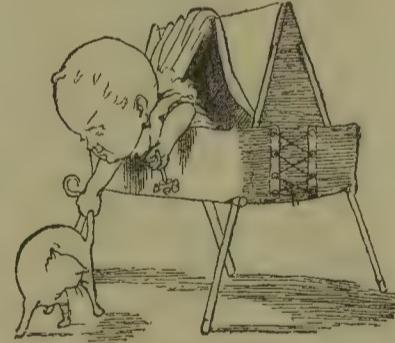
The Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore was instituted to the canonry of Worcester Cathedral, in succession to the Bishop of Peterborough on Aug. 28. The ceremony of institution was performed by the Bishop of Worcester in the Chapter House, and afterwards, at evensong in the Cathedral, the new canon was assigned his stall by Dean Gott. Canon Shore will be in residence in Worcester during September.

A letter from Dr. Theodori, the Queen of Roumania's private physician, states that her Majesty, who is at Venice, is suffering from spinal congestion, and not from creeping paralysis, as was at first believed. The symptoms have become more marked during the past few days. The Queen is also suffering from cardial atony, and remains in bed. There are, however, no indications of fever or disease of the spinal cord.

The inquest on the bodies of Arthur, Muriel, and Nora Greenfield, of Norwood, who were drowned in the Yare on Aug. 27, while on a yachting excursion on the Norfolk Broads, was held at Norwich the following day. The evidence showed that the small boat in which the young ladies had been rowing ran against the boom of their yacht, and one of them fell overboard. The other threw herself into the water. Arthur Greenfield jumped in to save his sisters, but lost his life, though a good swimmer. A verdict of accidental death was returned.

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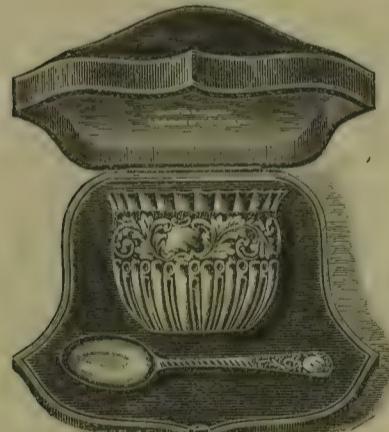
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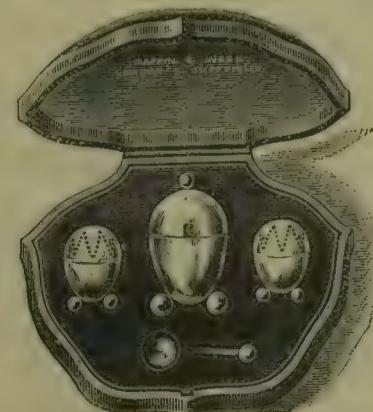
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will and codicil (both dated Nov. 5, 1885) of Mr. Lewis Loyd, J.P., late of 20, Hyde Park Gardens, and of Monks Orchard, Addington, Surrey, who died on July 19, were proved on Aug. 24 by Mrs. Frances Harriet Loyd, the widow, Lewis Vivian Loyd, the nephew, and Archie Kirkman Loyd, the cousin, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £596,000. The testator gives £1000 each to the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy and St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington; £20,000 and his residence in Hyde Park Gardens, with the stables, to his wife; the plate, pictures, and ornamental china and bronzes at his said residence to his wife, for life, then as to the plate between his brother Edward Loyd and his nephew Edward Henry Loyd, and as to the pictures and ornamental china and bronzes to the said Edward Henry Loyd; the furniture, books, household effects, horses, and carriages at the said residence to his wife; the furniture, plate, pictures, and ornamental china (with some exceptions) at Monks Orchard to his wife, for life, then as to the plate between his said brother and nephew, and as to the furniture, pictures, and ornamental china to the person who shall succeed at his wife's death to the Monks Orchard estate; the remainder of the household effects at Monks Orchard and all the wines, horses and carriages, live and dead stock to his wife absolutely; £10,000 to each of the children of his brothers, Edward Loyd and William Jones Loyd (except Lewis Vivian Loyd, who is amply provided for); £10,000 each to the Rev. Lewis Haig Loyd, Archie Kirkman Loyd, and Frank Kirkman Loyd; £7000 to Arthur Purvis Loyd; £5000, upon trust, for Edward Kirkman Loyd, and numerous other legacies. He bequeaths £150,000, upon trust, for his wife, for life; at her death legacies of £20,000 are to be paid to each of his nephews, Llewellyn Foster Lloyd, William Graham Loyd, and Arthur Heneage Loyd; and £10,000 to each of the nine daughters of his said two brothers. The residue of his personal estate is to go, in the event (which has happened) of the death of his brother Edward, as part of the personal estate of his said brother under his will. The Monks Orchard estate, and all his freehold and copyhold property in the counties of Surrey and Kent, he leaves to his wife, for life, then to his brother Edward, for life, and then to his son who shall first attain twenty-one. His property at Manchester, Cheetham, Hulme, Smedley, Salford, and Crumpsall he leaves, charged with the payment of £2000 per annum to his wife, for life, to his brother Edward, for life, and then to his son who shall first attain twenty-one. All his Cheshire property, including the furniture at the Hall, he leaves, subject to the trusts of his marriage settlement, to his nephew, the said Edward Henry Loyd.

The will (dated March 3, 1891) of Mr. George William Allan, late of Gorsey Wood, Bournemouth, who died on July 26, was proved on Aug. 20 by Mrs. Elizabeth Allan, the widow, James William Smith, and Thomas Ashbridge Smith, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £110,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 and his

household furniture and effects to his wife; £5000, upon trust, for the children of Walter Fisher; £2000 to Sidney Fisher; £5000 to Samuel Chapple; £1000 to each of his executors, Mr. J. W. Smith and Mr. T. A. Smith; and £50 per annum to each of them during the continuance of the trusteeship. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then as she shall appoint.

The will (dated June 10, 1868) of Mr. Manuel del Carril, formerly of the Avenue des Champs Elysées, and late of 52, Rue de Chaillot, Paris, who died on April 22, was proved in London on Aug. 19 by Doña Matilde Lamarca del Carril, the widow, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to over £107,000. The testator appoints his wife sole and universal heiress of all his property rights and actions of every kind and of every nature.

The will (dated Dec. 8, 1881) of Mr. William Wrangham, late of Epsom, Surrey, who died on June 19, was proved on Aug. 18 by Mr. Arthur Bond Wrangham, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £87,000. The testator gives his household furniture and effects, £150, and the right to use and occupy his house at Epsom so long as she shall think fit, to his wife, Mrs. Mary Wrangham; £16,705 Three per Cent. Annuities, upon trust, for his wife, for life; and £150 per annum to his wife's sisters, Caroline Bond and Emily Bond Smith, and the survivor of them. All his freehold and copyhold property and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his said son.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Peeblesshire, of Mr. George Nairne Aitchison, formerly of Kurrae-a-rue, near Rokewood, Victoria, Australia, and late of Galabank, Innerleithen, who died in June last, granted to David Aitchison, the executor dative qua next of kin, was resealed in London on Aug. 3, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £69,000.

The will (dated Sept. 13, 1886) of Mr. Joseph Ellis, late of Hampton Lodge, Brighton, and Monks Balcombe, Essex, who died on June 11, was proved on Aug. 15 by Basil Pym Ellis and Geoffrey Claudet Ellis, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £56,000. Subject to a provision for his wife, the testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his children in equal shares. He authorises his trustees to carry on his businesses at Brighton, Hastings, and Monks Farm, and invests them with full discretion in the management thereof.

The will (dated March 23, 1891) of Miss Eliza Cunliffe Outhwaite, formerly of The Lodge, Burley-in-Wharfedale, Yorkshire, and late of Rougemont, Exeter, who died on March 23, was proved on Aug. 12 by Miss Margaret Outhwaite and Miss Phoebe Cunliffe Outhwaite, the sisters, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £40,000. The testatrix leaves all the lands and money that may belong to her in any way, including her property in Devon as well as in Yorkshire, to her said two sisters.

The will and two codicils (all dated June 9, 1890) of Dame Clara Smale, widow of Sir John Smale, Knight, late Chief Justice of Hong Kong, late of 12, Inverness Terrace, Hyde

Park, who died on July 21, were proved on Aug. 18 by Frederick Halsey Janson, and Reginald Halsey Birkett and Percival Birkett, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. The testatrix bequeaths £50 each to the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society (Streatham), St. Marylebone Charity School for Girls, the British Orphan Asylum (Slough), and the Infant Orphan Asylum (Wanstead); £3000, upon trust, for her niece, Evelyn Clara Birkett; and numerous pecuniary and specific legacies to her own and her late husband's relatives and others. As to the residue of her property, she leaves one half, upon trust, for her sister, Lucy Matilda Birkett, her husband, and children; and one half, upon trust, for her brother, Henry Janson, and his children.

The will (dated Oct. 28, 1889), with five codicils (dated April 3, 1890, and Feb. 16, April 2, May 5, and June 16, 1891), of Mr. Henry Joseph Buchan, J.P., late of Wilton House, Southampton, who died on July 1, was proved on Aug. 8 by Miss Alice Mary Buchan, the granddaughter, Herbert James Ford, and Frederick Beresford Turner, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £22,000. The testator bequeaths £200 to the Royal Hants Infirmary; £100 each to the Southampton Mayoress's Blanket Loan Society and the Hampshire Nurses' Institute (Belle Vue Road, Southampton); £50 each to the Nurses' Pension Fund of the Royal Hants Infirmary and the Southampton Free Library; his furniture and effects, £150, and horses and carriages to his granddaughters, Alice Mary and Daisy Buchan; £300 each to his said two granddaughters; and legacies to executors, servants, and others. He authorises his trustees to carry on the business of Peacock and Buchan for the manufacture of composition for ships' bottoms during the life of his son, Henry Philip Buchan, and, subject to certain conditions as to the repayment of his capital thereout, one third of the income, but in any case £1200 per annum, is to be paid to his said son, and the other two thirds to his said two granddaughters. On the death of his son, three fourths is to be paid to his said granddaughters, and one fourth to the children of his son by his second wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his two granddaughters, Alice Mary and Daisy, in equal shares.

The will and codicil of Sir Frederick Aloysius Weld, G.C.M.G., late of Chideock, Dorset, who died on July 20, was proved on Aug. 17 by Dame Filumena Mary Ann Lisle Weld, the widow, the executrix, save as to property in New Zealand, the value of the personal estate amounting to £4784.

The will of General Sir William Wyllie, G.C.B., late of 3, Queensborough Terrace, Kensington Gardens, who died on May 26, was proved on Aug. 22 by Francis Robert Shaw Wyllie, the son, one of the surviving executors.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Mr. C. Granzow, master of the German steam-ship Wipper, of Stettin, in recognition of his kindness and humanity to the shipwrecked crew of the fishing-smack Two Brothers, of Grimsby, whom he rescued at sea on Aug. 14.

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*From the "HYGIENE OF THE SKIN," by Mr. J. L. MILTON,
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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

I have remarked again and again that fashions in dress reach England a season after they have prevailed in Paris, and been carried by the dress-loving Parisiennes to the various *plages* which are their favourite summer resorts. Therefore the novelties (to an Englishwoman's eyes) which are appearing this year at Trouville may be expected to become English fashions next season. Here, alas! trained skirts are almost universal for walking. They are not, of course, made in our favourite "tailor" style; nor in the thick sorts of cloth to which that style appertains. Many woollens are worn here, but they are all of a very light description. A sand-coloured beige or a thin grey cloth make a beach costume frequently seen. For the plank walk in the afternoon and for the grand stand at the races brighter colours, delaines, cashmeres, and silk attire are donned.

They are all trained, these gowns, the backs being always gored. Beneath these long skirts our Parisian sisters are wearing the most magnificent petticoats; and then the train is held up very high, in order that the underskirt may display its gorgeous splendours. The dress sinks into comparative insignificance compared with the petticoat. The underskirt itself reaches the ground—nay, even trails a little. Fancy seeing, dragging well on the ground, on a wet day, a white glacé silk petticoat, edged with four or five superposed flounces of the same, pinked along the edges! This was worn under a plain

cream cashmere skirt, with a loose bodice opening over a full vest of blue-and-white striped silk. Another petticoat was of heliotrope moiré, flounced with a heliotrope silk brocaded with large half-moons in old gold. A grass-green silk petticoat had a deep foot flounce of itself, covered with gatherings of fine black Chantilly lace. Another, of shot-green and gold silk, had five flounces, one on top of the other; the lowest was of pale green, then came in succession darker green, bright gold, old gold, and light green again—each flounce vandyked, gathered on, and showing a few inches beneath the next. Another underskirt was of alternate stripes of heliotrope silk and black lace with very full black lace flounces. Even the simplest "dressy" dress here has a long silk petticoat to match the skirt, and to show when the train is held up—blue silk under blue cloth, black silk under brown, pale blue under black, and so on. So universal was this style that we, in our English tailor dresses just clearing the ground and our deer-stalker hats, felt ourselves to be quite peculiar on the plank walk; though at any English place we should have been smart enough.

"What is it that this is, that plank walk?" Well, it is the promenade of Trouville. This little seaside town in Calvados has been the most fashionable of French watering-places, and is laid out accordingly. This year it is suffering from the fact that last season a very popular and merry French actress, Jeanne Samary, died of typhus fever contracted here. This has diminished the number of visitors; but the hotels remain bad and dear, the shopkeepers extortionate, the employés of the Casino insolent; and there are still all the other drawbacks of a fashionable watering-place, which do not prevent its being popular so long as it remains *à la mode*, but which make its downfall rapid when the inevitable moment of descent arrives—that moment which comes at last to all

places dependent on fickle fashion. Meantime, Trouville is laid out for the display of dress and the concourse of society.

It is on one side of a wide bay, the other side of which is occupied by the large town of Havre; between them the Seine flows forth to the sea, but Trouville is ten miles from the river's mouth. This coast has a certain space of flat land next to the sea, and then a chain of small hills, which are well wooded and form a delightful background. The beach is a vast desert of sand, except at the moment of high tide. The sea runs down rapidly, leaving a waste of desolation uncovered during the greater part of the day. Along the front, between the sands and the hills, there is built a row of villas (a word meaning a much more important structure here than in England) of the most varied and most charming styles of architecture. They stand back in the midst of green gardens, glowing with the varied hues of flowers. They are pinnacled and gabled and chimneied and windowed with delightful variety. They are adorned with painted tiles of many colours and designs, making ornaments over the windows and doors and in the centre of the gables. They are shaded by jalousies of green or blue or grey or yellow, which are affixed against the red brick or white stone or half-timbered walls all day, and add to the charm of colouring and the variety of style. Then, beneath the row of villas—where the street would be in England, but here planted on the sands, approached directly from the house gardens by flights of wooden steps—comes "the plank walk": a series of boards firmly fixed, precisely like the floor of a room, extending for nearly half a mile in front of the row of "villas," backed by the hills all green with foliage, and having the sea on the other hand—so far away, indeed, that one almost forgets it, but not too far for one to rest one's eyes upon it at intervals, or for it to send its cool, invigorating air to bite the cheek and freshen the spirits.

DEATH.

On Aug. 28, at Holland House, Clapham Common, in her 87th year, Elizabeth Harland, widow of the late Samuel Robert Harland, of Phipps Bridge, Mitcham, Surrey.

* * * The Charge for the Insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings.

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I have remarked again and again that fashions in dress reach England a season after they have prevailed in Paris, and been carried by the dress-loving Parisiennes to the various *plages* which are their favourite summer resorts. Therefore the novelties (to an Englishwoman's eyes) which are appearing this year at Trouville may be expected to become English fashions next season. Here, alas! trained skirts are almost universal for walking. They are not, of course, made in our favourite "tailor" style; nor in the thick sorts of cloth to which that style appertains. Many woollens are worn here, but they are all of a very light description. A sand-coloured beige or a thin grey cloth make a beach costume frequently seen. For the plank walk in the afternoon and for the grand stand at the races brighter colours, delaines, cashmeres, and silk attire are donned.

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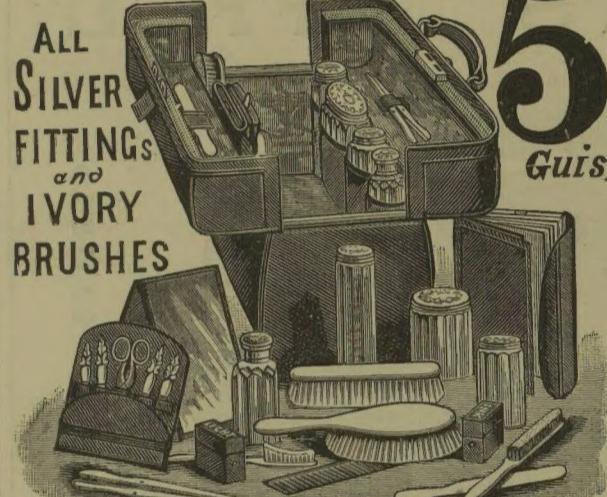
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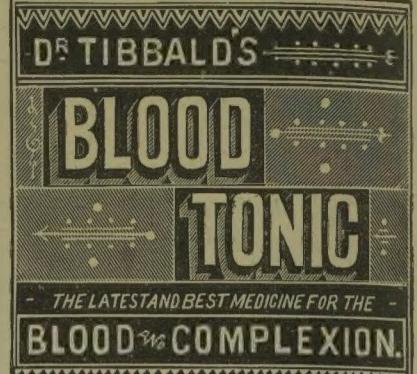
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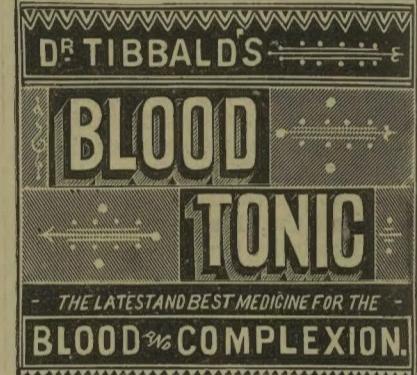
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